A COLLECTION OF HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP,

More particularly designed for the Use of the TABERNACLE CONGREGATION in LONDON.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
Late of Pembroke College, Oxford,
AND
Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Ps. xlvii. 7.

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Cath. Anna Stokes.

Given to her by her

dear Papa,

W.R. Stokes.

August 5th 1845.

ME601 MAB M484

PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

IF thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshippers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time. I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns. They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly. Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, answering one another in their heavenly Anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

A GENERAL INDEX.

A.

	Page	Hymn
ARray'd in mortal Fleſh	18	24
Awake and ſing the Song	38	46
Attend while God's eternal Son	66	84
Awake our Souls, away our Fears	70	88
Alas, and did our Saviour bleed	85	108
And are we wretches yet alive	91	114
Away from every mortal Care	94	118
A good High-Prieſt is come	152	44
Ah lovely Appearance of Death	156	48
All Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth	159	50
Away with our Fears	160	51
All-wiſe, all good, Almighty Lord	163	54

B.

BLeſs, O my Soul, the living God,	6	8
Buried in Shadows of the Night	20	25
Bleſt be the Father and his Love	44	52
Behold what wond'rous Grace	54	65
Bleſt are the Souls that hear and know	59	72
Begin, my Tongue, ſome heav'nly Theme	80	102
Bleſt Morning whoſe young dawning Rays	81	103
Blood has a Voice to pierce the Skies	93	117
Blood of Jeſu's Wounds how good	116	7
Bleſſed are the Sons of God	112	14
Brethren, ſing, 'tis right you ſhould	124	16
Bleſt by Jeſu's Providence	137	30
Bleſt be the dear uniting Love	138	31
Brethren, let us join to bleſs	139	33

C.

COme worſhip at Emmanuel's Feet	3	4
Come let us all adore	10	13
Chriſt whoſe Glory fills the Skies	11	14

INDEX.

	Page	Hymn
Creator Spirit by whoſe Aid	21	27
Come, holy Ghoſt, our Hearts inſpire	22	28
Clap your Hands ye People all	34	41
Come, my Brethren, Iſrael's Race	39	47
Come let us join our chearful Songs,	39	48
Come, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell	62	77
Come, guilty Souls, and flee away	64	80
Come, my Soul, before the Lamb	69	87
Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,	78	99
Come all harmonious Tongues	83	105
Come, happy Souls, approach your God	88	111
Come let us lift our joyful Eyes	91	115
Come my Father's Family	112	3
Come ye Lovers of the Lamb	113	4
Children of Iſrael, ſee what Shade	120	12
Come we that love the Lord	125	17
Come and let us ſweetly join	130	22
Chriſt from whom all Bleſſings flow	133	26
Come divine Emmanuel, come	143	37
Children of the heav'nly King	144	38
Come, thou long expected Jeſus	161	52
Come thou Almighty King	181	68
Come thou fount of ev'ry Bleſſing	184	70

D.

DEep in the Duſt before thy Throne	57	69
Deſcend from Heav'n, &c.	63	79
Down headlong from the native Skies	87	110
Deareſt of all the Names above	97	122
Deſcend, celeſtial Dove	99	124
Diſciples of Chriſt	103	130

E.

ERE I ſleep for every Favour	172	60

F.

FAR from our Thoughts, &c.	2	2
Father, our Hearts we lift	26	33
From all that dwell below the Skies	62	76
Father, Son, and Spirit hear	131	24

G.

GLory be to God on high	52	6
Give Thanks to God moſt high	80	735

INDEX.

	Page	Hymn
Giver of Concord, Prince of Peace	129	21
H.		
HIther ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind	4	5
How pleaſant, how divinely fair	16	22
How heavy is the Night	20	26
Hark! the herald Angels ſing	24	31
Hoſanna to the Prince of Light	34	42
Hail the Day that ſees Him riſe,	35	43
How can we adore	42	51
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!	45	53
How ſad our State by Nature is	50	60
How glorious is the Lamb	56	68
Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King	58	71
Hark, dull Soul, how every Thing	65	83
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,	74	94
Happy he who e'er believes	75	96
Ho, Pilgrims! if ye Pilgrims be	123	115
Head of the Church triumphant	127	19
Husband of thy Church below	132	25
How many Years have we been driven	140	34
Hoſanna to Jeſus on high	154	46
He comes, He comes, the Judge ſevere,	66	178
I.		
JOIN all the glorious Names	17	23
Jeſus who died a World to ſave	32	39
Infinite Grief amazing Woe	84	107
Is there a Thing beneath the Sky	86	109
I will lay me down to ſleep	106	
Jeſus, Lord we look to thee	136	29
Jeſus come, our deareſt Lord	158	49
Jeſu, ſhew us thy Salvation	176	63
Jeſu, let thy pitying Eye	179	67
Jeſu, Lover of my Soul	184	69
In ev'ry trouble ſharp and ſtrong	193	
If Jeſus is yours, you have a true Friend	194	
K.		
KING of Saints, to whom are giv'n	134	27
L.		
LORD, we come before thee now	2	3
Let every mortal Ear attend	5	7
Lord of the Worlds above	15	21
Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seat	37	45

INDEX.

	Page	Hymn
Let God the Father live	45	54
Lord and God of heav'nly Powers	52	62
Lord what a Heav'n of ſaving Grace	55	66
Long have we ſat beneath the Sound	72	92
Let them neglect thy Glory, Lord	80	101
Lord, we adore thy vaſt Deſigns	92	116
Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin	99	125
Lord, we would ſpread our ſore Diſtreſs	100	126
Loving Saviour, Prince of Peace	114	6
Let us, the Sheep by Jeſus nam'd	119	10
Love divine, all Loves excelling,	145	39
Let Angels and Archangels ſing	162	53
Lo he cometh! countleſs Trumpets	164	55
Lord, thou haſt bid thy People pray	177	64
Love brought down God's dear only Son	192	77

M.

MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe	7	9
Meet and right it is to ſing	51	61
My Soul come meditate the Day	102	129

N.

NOW may the Spirit's holy Fire	1	1
Now from the Altar of our Hearts	12	16
Now for a Tune of lofty Praiſe	30	37
Now to the Lord a Noble Song	56	67
Now to the Power of God Supreme	63	78
Not all the Blood of Beaſts	69	121
Nature with all her Pow'rs ſhall ſing	105	132
No farther go to-night but ſtay	106	
None but Jeſus will we ſing	106	
Now begins the heav'nly Theme	188	74

O.

O Lord how many are our Foes	8	11
O God, how endleſs is thy Love	13	17
O Lord, our Lord, how wond'rous great	50	59
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God	67	85
O Love divine how ſweet Thou art	68	86
Of him who did Salvation bring	70	89
O thou in whom the Gentiles truſt	72	91
Our drowſy Pow'rs why ſleep ye ſo	74	95
Oh the Delights, the heav'nly Joys	84	105
Once ſlaughter'd now exalted Lamb	121	13
O Saviour, thou thy Myſteries	126	18
Our God reigns, ye Lands rejoice	142	36

INDEX.

	Page	Hymn
O come let us join, Together come	148	42
O come let us join, In Muſic divine,	167	57
Offspring of David, David's Root	169	58
O Jeſu! our Lord thy Name be ador'd	175	63
O Lord, how great's the Favour	185	71
Our moſt indulgent Saviour	186	72
P.		
PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name	60	74
Praiſe ye the Lord: Tis good to raiſe	64	81
Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Deſpair	82	104
Partners of a glorious Hope	130	23
R.		
RISE our Souls to praiſe the Care	9	12
Raiſe your Triumphant Songs	89	112
Riſe, my Soul and ſtretch thy Wings	111	2
Riſe, O ye Seed of David, riſe	118	9
Rejoice, the Lord is king	128	20
Riſe my Soul, adore thy Maker	170	59
S.		
SInners obey the Goſpel Word	4	6
Sweet is the Work, O God our King	14	20
See, my Soul, with Wonder ſee	27	34
Sure thy Name is wonderful	40	49
Salvation, O the joyful Sound	58	70
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's Name	59	73
Shout to the Lord, and let our Joys	104	131
Saviour, King aſſume thy Power	141	35
Soldiers of Chriſt, ariſe,	146	40
Saviour of the World attend	150	43
Son of God thy Bleſſings grant	192	78
T.		
THE Lord ſupplies his People's Need	8	10
The Saviour who kept us To-day	11	15
This is the Day the Lord hath made	13	18
The King of Glory ſends his Son	23	30
The Son of Righteouſneſs appears	33	40
To him that choſe us firſt	47	56
The Lord our Sovereign King	48	57
'Tis finiſhed, the Redeemer ſaid	53	64
To God the only wiſe	71	90
Thy Favour, Lord, ſurprize our Souls	77	97

INDEX.

	Page	Hymn
To praiſe Redeeming Love	79	100
Thus did the Sons of Abrah'm paſs	94	119
The Lord of Earth and Sky	98	123
Teach me the Meaſure of my Days	102	128
Thou dear Redeemer dying Lamb	114	5
Tell us, O Women, we wou'd know	120	11
Try us, O God, and ſearch the Ground	133	28
'Tis finiſh'd! 'tis done	153	45
Thanks be to Chriſt, whoſe fruitful Love	155	47
Thou hidden Love of God, whoſe Height,	147	41
Thou Shepherd of Iſr'el divine	189	75

U.

UP to the Lord that reigns on high	77	98

W.

WElcome, ſweet Day of Reſt	14	19
Why ſhould the Children of a King	23	29
What good News the Angels bring	25	32
With Joy we meditate the Grace	29	35
What evil Honour ſhall we bring	31	38
Well, the Redeemer's gone	37	44
We give immortal Praiſe	46	55
With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd	48	58
We magnify thy Grace, O Lord	90	113
We bleſs the Prophets of the Lord	95	120
Why do we mourn departed Friends,	101	127
Who can have greater Cauſe to ſing	109	1
We ſing to thee, thou Son of God	117	8
Worthy is Chriſt our Paſchal Lamb	138	32
What ſhall we render unto thee	187	73
When I ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs	174	62
Who hath our report believed	190	76

Y.

YE that paſs by behold the Man	29	36
Ye Servants of God,	41	50
Ye Seekers of God, whoſe diligent Care	65	82
Ye Children of my God	165	56
Ye ſerious Souls, draw near	173	61

Z.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around	73	93

Z.

A HYMN.

To the HOLY GHOST,

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME Holy Ghost, our Souls inſpire,
And lighten with celeſtial Fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who doſt thy ſev'nfold Gift impart.
Thy bleſſed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love,
Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulneſs of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our ſoiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give peace at Home!
Where Thou art Guide, no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both to be but One;
That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endleſs Song;

Praiſe God, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I.

At the Opening of Worſhip.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting Family inſpire
With Joy and Peace, and Love!

Thee we the Comforter confeſs:
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our Songs of Praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs Pray'r.

Wake heav'nly Wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping Field;
Our Spices then ſhall breathe Perfume,
And fragrant Incenſe yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That ſhall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each aweful Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Haſten the Reſtitution-Day,
  Which now Corruption ſhrowds,
New Heavens and new Earth diſplay,
  With Jeſus in the Clouds.

HYMN II.

The ſame.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World begone
  Let our religious Hours alone ;
Oh may our Eyes our Saviour ſee !
We wait a Viſit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Deſire,
Come, our Dear Jeſus, from above
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Bleſt Jeſus, what delicious Fare !
How ſweet thy Entertainments are !
Never did Angels taſte above
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

Hail, great Emmanuel, all Divine !
In thee thy Father's Glorious ſhine :
Thou Brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt, one,
That Eyes have ſeen, or Angels known !

HYMN III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before thee now,
  At thy Feet we humbly bow :
Oh ! do not our Suit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord in vain ?

Lord, on thee our Souls depend;
In Compaſſion now deſcend;
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to ſing thy Praiſe.

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we ſeek thee—here we ſtay;
Lord we know not how to go
'Till a Bleſſing thou beſtow;
Send ſome Meſſage from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in Faith and Hope;
Grant that thoſe who ſeek may find
Thee a God ſincere and kind:
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN IV.

The ſame.

COME worſhip at Emmanuel's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet;
Words are too feeble to expreſs
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When ſhall we climb thoſe higher Skies
Where Storms and Tempeſts never riſe;
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
And ſhines and reigns the God of Grace?

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heaven, his full Reſemblance bears:
His Beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold him Face to Face.

HYMN V.

Invitation.

HIther ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind,
A ſin diſorder'd trembling Throng;
To you the Goſpel calls, to you
Meſſiah's Bleſſings all belong.

Reaſon's and Virtue's boaſting Sons
Derive no Bleſſing from this Tree:
For Sinners only Jeſus dy'd,
Then ſure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Meſſiah groan'd,
'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd;
Our Puniſhment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv'd when Jeſus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, ariſe each Soul,
And join the bliſsful Choirs above:
May nothing tune our future Song,
But heav'nly Wiſdom, heav'nly Love.

HYMN VI.

The ſame.

SInners, obey the Goſpel-Word,
Haſte to the Supper of our Lord;
Be wiſe to know your glorious Day,
All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own
And Kiſs his late Returning Son ;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Juſt now the ſtony Heart to move ;
T' apply and witneſs with the Blood,
And waſh and ſeal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt Eſtate ;
Tuning their Harps they long to praiſe
The Wonders of Redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
To Happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd :
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

HYMN VII.

The ſame.

LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL ſounds
With an inviting Voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry ſtarving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind :

Eternal Wiſdom hath prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feaſt,
And bids your longing Appetites
The rich Proviſion taſte.

Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging Thirſt
With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treaſures of thy Love,
Are everlaſting Mines,
Deep as our helpleſs Mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our Sins.

The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace,
Stand open Night and Day,
Lord, we are come to ſeek Supplies
And drive our Wants away.

HYMN VIII.

Thankſgiving.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

Bleſs, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe:
Why ſhou'd the Wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in Silence and forgot?

'Tis he, my Soul, that ſent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the Ranſom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:

He ſatisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Power confeſs,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

HYMN IX.

The Same.

MY Soul repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel:
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flower;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compaſſions Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

HYMN X.

God's Goodneſs to his People.

THE Lord ſupplies his People's Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes them feed
Beſide the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forſake his Ways,
And leads them for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Preſence is their Stay;
A Word of his ſupporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth ſtill their Table ſpread,
Their Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

The ſure Proviſions of our God,
Attend us all our Days:
O may his Houſe be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praiſe!

HYMN XI.

Morning WORSHIP.

O Lord, how many are our Foes
In this weak State of Fleſh and Blood!
Our Peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But our Defence and Hope is God.

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
Thou heard'ſt when we began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
We laid us down and ſlept ſecure;
Not Death ſhould make our Hearts afraid,
Tho' we ſhould ſleep and riſe no more.

But God ſuſtain'd us all the Night!
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd our Heads to ſee the Light,
And he ſhall have our Morning Song.

HYMN XII.

The ſame.

RISE our Souls to praiſe the Care
Of Jeſus true and good:
Sing to him whoſe Robes appear
As newly dipt in Blood:
By his Pow'r we live to ſee
The Dawning of another Day;
Farther favour'd may we be,
When here no more we ſtay;

O may we in Righteouſneſs,
In Jeſu's Arms awake!
And the Joys the Saints poſſeſs,
With them ere long partake:
With our common Father ſit,
And in his heav'nly Kingdom praiſe,
(Bowing down before his Feet)
The Riches of his Grace.

HYMN XIII.

The ſame.

COME, let us adore
The Lord's gracious Hand,
(Our great GOVERNOR)
Who gave a Command
And Charge to his Angels
To watch round our Bed,
To guard us from Evils,
From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone
The Lord let us bleſs,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his Blood;
All hail, holy Jeſus,
Our Lord and our God!

We daily will ſing
Thy Merits, thy Praiſe,
Thy merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace:
Thy Kindneſs for ever
To Men we will tell;
And ſay, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from Hell.

Preſerve us in Love,
While here we abide;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious Salvation;
Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful Viſion
Completed in thee.

HYMN XIV.

The ſame.

CHRIST, whoſe Glory fills the Skies;
Chriſt, the true, the only Light:
Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
Triumph o'er the Shades of Night,
Day-Spring from on high be near,
Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and chearleſs is the Morn,
Unaccompany'd by thee;
Joyleſs is the Day's Return,
'Till thy Mercy's Beams we ſee
Lord, thy inward Light impart,
Glad our Eyes and warm each Heart.

Viſit ev'ry Soul of thine,
Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief,
Fill with Radiancy divine,
Scatter all our Unbelief;
More and more thyſelf diſplay,
Shining to the perfect Day.

HYMN XV.

Evening WORSHIP.

THE Saviour who kept us To-day,
The Lamb who takes our Sins away,
Our thankful Souls ſhall bleſs;
Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
Of endleſs Praiſe: for in thy Blood
Saints ſweetly reſt in Peace.

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
With all thy Angels us will guard;
Our Souls, to thee we truſt:
Thou ſhalt (for thou art able) keep
Our Souls among the Fellowſhip
Of Saints through thee made juſt.

HYMN XVI.

The ſame.

NOW, from the Altar of our Hearts
Let Incenſe Flames ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, Lord to offer up
Our Evening-Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,
Awake our Heart, and Tongue:
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this Day;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require;
'Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would
Accept our Heart's Deſire.

Lord of our Time, whoſe Hand hath ſet
New Time, upon our Score;
Thee may we praiſe for all our Time,
When Time ſhall be no more!

HYMN XVII.

Morning or Evening.

O God, how endleſs is thy Love,
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new;
And Morning Mercies, from above,
Gently diſtil like early Dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping Hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word reſtores the Light,
And quick'ns all our drowſy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To thee we conſecrate our Days;
Perpetual Bleſſings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

HYMN XVIII.

On the LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praiſe ſurround the Throne.

To-day Chriſt roſe and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
To day the Saints his Triumphs ſpread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, deſcend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

Hoſanna, in the higheſt Strain
The Church on Earth can raiſe!
The higheſt Heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler Praiſe.

HYMN XIX.

The ſame.

WELCOME, ſweet Day of Reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving Breaſt
And theſe rejoicing Eyes!

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſt his Saints To-day:
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

One Day amidſt the Place
Where our dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand Days,
Of pleaſurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to ſtay
In ſuch a Frame as this,
And when thou call'ſt for them away,
Waft them to endleſs Bliſs.

HYMN XX.

The ſame.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks, and ſing:
To ſhew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Care ſhould ſeize our Breaſt;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp of ſolemn Sound!

Our Hearts ſhould triumph in thee Lord,
And bleſs thy Work, and bleſs thy Word;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below:
May all our Pow'rs find ſweet Employ
In Chriſt's eternal World of Joy.

HYMN XXI.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!
To his Abode,
My Soul, aſpire,
With warm Deſire,
To ſee thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe Chriſt ſtill:
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears.
O glorious Seat!
Our God and King
Us thither bring,
To kiſs thy Feet!

The Lord his People loves:
His Hand no Good withholds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in thee!

HYMN XXII.

The ſame.

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy Dwellings are;
The new-born Soul both longs and faints
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

Bleſt are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace!
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And ſeek thy Face, and learn thy Praiſe.

Bleſt are the Men whoſe Hearts are ſet
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;
God is their Strength, and through the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length:
'Till all before Chriſt's Face appear,
And join in nobler Worſhip there!

HYMN XXIII.

Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love and Power,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms;
What condeſcending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
My, Soul, with Joy
And Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love
He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bleſs thy Name:
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came:
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

Jeſus, our great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty Sinner ſeek
No Sacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we ſing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
O may we ſit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet!

HYMN XXIV.

The ſame.

ARRAY'D in mortal Fleſh
Chriſt like an Angel ſtands,
And hold the Promiſes
And Pardons in his Hands;
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counſellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide!
And through this deſart Land
Still keep us near thy Side!

O let our Feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked Way!

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Who's watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thouſands of his Sheep,
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Boſom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul, commend thy Cauſe,
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws:
Believing Souls
Now free are ſet;
For Chriſt hath paid,
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears
For their Defence on high,
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by;
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can ſay,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

Then let our Souls ariſe,
And tread the Tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conqueſt and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obſtruct the Way.

HYMN XXV.

CHRIST our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, 'till Chriſt reſtores the Light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the Blind,
And chace the Darkneſs of the Mind.

Loſt guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Diſtreſs,
And ſing the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He ſets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpleſs Worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Power, and Righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee!

HYMN XXVI.

The ſame.

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
'Till Chriſt with his reviving Light!
Over our Souls ariſe!

Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;
But in his Righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways;
His Hands infected Nature cure
With ſanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He ſets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the curſed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways
That bring us near to God:
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

HYMN XXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

CReator Spirit by whoſe Aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry waiting Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Humankind;
From Sin, and Sorrow ſet us free,
And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our Hearts with heavenly Love inſpire;
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring,
To ſanctify us while we ſing.

Create all new, our Wills controul,
Subdue the Rebel in our Soul;
Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, beſtow;
And leaſt again we go aſtray,
Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endleſs Fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd:
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal Comforter to thee!

HYMN XXVIII.

The ſame.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our Hearts inſpire,
Let us thy Influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic Fire,
Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghoſt (for mov'd by thee
Thy holy Prophets ſpoke)
Unlock the Truth, thyſelf the Key,
Unſeal the ſacred Book.

Expand thy Wings prolific Dove,
Brood o'er our Nature's Night;
On our diſorder'd Spirits move,
And let there now be Light.

God thro' himſelf we then ſhall know,
If thou within us ſhine;
And ſound, with all thy Saints below,
The Depths of Love Divine.

HYMN XXIX.

The ſame.

WHY ſhould the Children of a King:
Go mourning all their Days?
Great Comforter, deſcend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Doſt thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
And ſeal the Heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh their Complaints,
And ſhew their Sins forgiv'n?

Aſſure each Conſcience of its Part
In the Redeemer's Blood,
And bear thy Witneſs in each Heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earneſt of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come;
May thy bleſt Wings, celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey us home!

HYMN XXX.

CHRIST's Birth.

THE King of Glory ſends his Son,
To make his Entrance on this Earth!
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
And heavenly Hoſt declares his Birth!

About the young Redeemer's Head,
What Wonders and what Glories meet!
An unknown Star aroſe, and led
The eaſtern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conſpire,
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the ſacred Fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſcorn ;
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condeſcended to be born.

HYMN XXXI.

The ſame.

HARK the Herald-Angels ſing
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations riſe,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies ;
Nature riſe and worſhip him,
Who is born at Bethlehem.

Chriſt by higheſt Heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord ;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'ppear,
Jeſus our Emmanuel here.

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs ;
Light and Life around he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born that Men no more may die;
Born to raiſe the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them ſecond Birth.

Come, Deſire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy heav'nly Home:
Riſe the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruiſe in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place;
Second Adam from above,
Work it in us by thy Love.

HYMN XXXII.

The ſame.

WHAT good News the Angels bring!
What glad Tidings of our King!
Chriſt the Lord is born To-day,
Chriſt who takes our Sins away,
He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his Birth;
Him ſhall all his People ſee,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
With Hoſannas fill the Sky;
Glory be to God above!
God is infinite in Love!
Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men,
Now with us our God is ſeen:
Angels join with us in Praiſe,
Help us ſing redeeming Grace.

Now the Wall is broken down,
Now the Goſpel is made known:
Now the Door is open wide,
Chriſt for Jew and Gentile dy'd,
All who feel the Weight of Sin,
All who languiſh to be clean;
All who for Redemption groan,
May be ſav'd by Faith alone.

Jeſus is the lovely Name,
This the Angel doth proclaim:
He ſhall all his People ſave,
They in him Remiſſion have:
When they ſee themſelves undone,
They take Refuge in the Son;
They ſhall all be born again,
And with him in Glory reign.

Shout, ye Nations of the Earth,
Sing the triumphs of his Birth;
All the World by him is bleſt;
Sound his Praiſe from Eaſt to Weſt.
Jews and Gentiles jointly ſing,
Chriſt our common Lord and King;
Chriſt our Life, our Joy, our Song,
To eternity prolong.

HYMN XXXIII.

The ſame.

FATHER, our Hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious Throne,
And bleſs thee for the precious Gift,
Of thine incarnate Son:

The Gift unſpeakable,
We thankfully receive,
And to the World thy Goodneſs tell:
Oh may we to thee live!

Jeſus, the holy Child,
Doth by his Birth declare,
That God and Man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are.
Salvation thro' his Name
To loſt Mankind is giv'n,
And loud his Infant Cries proclaim
A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

A Peace on Earth he brings,
Which never more ſhall end;
The Lord of Hoſts, the King of Kings,
Declares himſelf our Friend:
Aſſumes our Fleſh and Blood,
That we his Sp'rit may gain,
The everlaſting Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his Love increaſe!
'Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,
Come, thou Deſire of Nations, come,
And take us all to God.

HYMN XXXIV.

The Circumciſion of CHRIST.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder ſee
The incarnate Deity:

Human Nature he aſſumes,
He to ranſom Sinners comes.
He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
He was infinitely clean;
Him no ſinful Spot diſguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteouſneſs,
Standing in our legal Place,
From the Cradle to the Croſs,
All he did he did for us.
He did all our Woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live:
By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
By his Blood our Peace is ſeal'd.

Jeſu's Pain procures our Eaſe,
Jeſu's Death is our Releaſe;
Jeſu's Croſs obtains our Crown,
Jeſu's Sepulchre our Throne.
Lord, conform us tō thy Death,
Bid our Sins yield up their Breath;
By thy Reſurrection's Pow'r,
Make our Souls to Glory ſoar.

Circumciſe our filthy Hearts,
Purify our inward Parts;
Lord, deſtroy the carnal Mind
That in thee we Peace may find;
In thy Righteouſneſs array'd,
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
'Till we ſee thy Face in Light.

HYMN XXXV.

Christ's Compaſſion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what ſore Temptation mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh,
What every Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruiſed Reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

Then, let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We ſhall obtain delivering Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

HYMN XXXVI.

Christ's Paſſion.

YE that paſs by, behold the Man,
The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain,
Weeping to Calvary purſue.

His ſacred Limbs they ſtretch they tear,
With Nails they faſten to the Wood
His ſacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His ſtreaming Feet tranfixt and torn,
The Fountain guſhing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear ſuff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!
Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
Help us to taſte thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Center quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd!
O may our inmoſt Nature ſhake,
And bow with Jeſus crucify'd!

At thy laſt Gaſp, the Graves diſplay'd
Their Horrors to the upper Skies;
O that our Souls might burſt the Shade,
And, quicken'd by thy Death, ariſe!

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
O rend with thy expiring Breath
The harder Marble of our Heart!

HYMN XXXVII.

CHRIST's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a Tune of lofty Praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son;

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful Earth,
He came to raiſe our Nature high;
He came t'atone Almighty Wrath,
Jeſus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And roſe to everlaſting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of ſhining Grace:
See what immortal Glories ſit
Round the ſweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongſt a thouſand Harps and Songs,
Jeſus the God exalted reigns;
O may his Praiſe fill all our Tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly Plains.

HYMN XXXVIII.

The ſame.

WHAT equal Honours ſhall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy Name!

Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to riſe, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn;
While Glory ſhines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our Sins, and Curſe, and Pain;
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
And every Creature ſay Amen!

HYMN XXXIX.

Christ's Reſurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a World to ſave,
Revives and riſes from the Grave,
By his Almighty Pow'r:
From Sin and Death, and Hell ſet free,
He Captive leads Captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and ſee
Your Saviour cloath'd with Majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the Tomb:
Give o'er your Griefs, caſt off your Fears,
In Heav'n your Manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

His Church is ſtill his Joy and Crown,
He looks with Love and Pity down,
On her he did Redeem;

He taſtes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays that ſhe may ſpoil her Foes,
And ever reign with him.

Oh may we all from Sin awake,
May all in Heav'n our Places take,
Near our exalted Head!
May all our Souls to Heav'n aſpire,
In Thought, in Will, in ſtrong Deſire,
To carnal Pleaſures dead.

HYMN XL.

The ſame.

THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears,
To ſet in Blood no more;
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your riſing God adore.

The Saints, when he reſign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping Eyes;
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead ariſe!

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-preſs trod:
He dy'd and ſuffer'd as a Man,
He riſes as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Riſe
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradiſe.

HYMN XLI.

CHRIST'S Aſcenſion.

CLAP your Hands, ye People all,
Praiſe the God on whom ye call;
Lift your Voice, and ſhout his Praiſe,
Triumph in his ſovereign Grace.

Jeſus is gone up on high,
Takes his Seat above the Sky;
Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
Echoing to the Trump of God!

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,
Praiſe him with the Hoſt divine;
Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love;
Praiſes to our Jeſus ſing,
Praiſes to our glorious King!

Pow'r is all to Jeſus given,
Pow'r o'er Hell, and Earth and Heav'n:
Jeſus, Power to us impart,
Then we'll Praiſe with all our Heart.

HYMN XLII.

The ſame.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himſelf in Clay,
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away!

Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Emmanuel roſe;
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Fleſh,
And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters Bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills the middle Seat
Of the celeſtial Throne.

Raiſe your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd Abode;
Sweet be the Accents of our Songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels ſtrike their loudeſt Strings,
Your ſweeteſt Voices raiſe;
Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
Sound our Emmanuel's Praiſe.

HYMN XLIII.

The ſame.

HAIL the Day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful Eyes;
Chriſt awhile to Mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native Heav'n.
There the pompous Triumph waits,
"Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
"Take the King of Glory in."

Circled around with Angel-Pow'rs,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in.
Him, though higheſt Heav'n receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves;
Though returning to his Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above;
See, he ſhews the Prints of Love;
Hark! his gracious Lips beſtow
Bleſſings on his Church below:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his Death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our Place,
Harbinger of human Race.

Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our Head To-day,
See, thy faithful Servants ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither riſe,
Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love;
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after Home!
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs Reign;
There thy Face unclouded ſee,
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee!

HYMN XLIV.

Christ's Interceſſion.

WELL! the Redeemer's gone
I' appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
No burning Wrath comes down;
If Juſtice calls for Sinners Blood,
The Saviour ſhews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,
Our humble Suit he moves:
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours ſing;
Jeſus the Prieſt receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

HYMN XLV.

The ſame.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,
Where you Redeemer ſtays;
Kind Interceſſor, there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital Blood;
Appeas'd ſtern Juſtice on the Tree,
And then aroſe to God.

Petitions now, and Praiſe may riſe,
And Saints their Off'rings bring:
The Prieſt with his own Sacrifice
Preſents them to the King.

Ten thouſand Praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the high'ſt!
Ten thouſand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his Chriſt.

HYMN XLVI.

Praiſing Christ.

AWAKE, and ſing the Song
Of Moſes and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue
To praiſe the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his riſing Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For thoſe whoſe Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Aſcending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inſpire our Songs.

Sing 'till we hear Chriſt ſay,
"Your Sins are all forgiv'n,
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

HYMN XLVII.

The ſame.

COME, my Brethren, Iſr'el's Race,
And hear me bleſs my King;
Hear me my Beloved praiſe,
My Jeſus do I ſing:
Neither hear my Song alone,
But help, O help me to proclaim
Jeſus, our Creator's Son;
Jeſus! that lovely Name.

Others ſing their Time away,
Who Jeſus never knew;
Ought not we to paſs our Day
In Joy and Singing too?
Others have they Cauſe to bleſs?
The Children of the King have more;
They have Chriſt, their Righteouſneſs!
Their Glory, Peace and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God!
And with a living Coal
From tha Altar, ſtain'd with Blood,
Inſpire each drowſy Soul.
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can ſhow,
Or fully who can ſing thy Praiſe?
Lord, we fail in Hymns below,
Teach! teach us heav'nly Lays.

HYMN XLVIII.

CHRIST worſhipped by all his Creatures.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne,

Ten thouſand thouſands are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XLIX.

The Same.

SURE thy Name is Wonderful
Counſellor, the mighty God,
Whom the heav'nly Hoſts adore,
Praiſe we through the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bearing down,
To the Sight of mortal Man,
Fleſh in Form, and God in Pow'r,
Suited art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,
Judgment, Mercy, both appear,
All the Father's Honour meets,
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonderfully form'd to raiſe
Adam's fallen helpleſs Race,
Form'd to purchaſe, and ſecure,
For thy People, boundleſs Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Prieſt foretold to riſe;
Thou the Sacrificer art,
Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was ſlain,
Bleeding on the painful Tree,
Riſen and aſcended high,
We adore thy Majeſty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,
But moſt wonderful in Love:
Be thou all our Theme below,
Be thou all our Heav'n above!

Hallelujah.

HYMN L.

The ſame.

YE Servants of God,
Your Maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful Name,
The Name all victorious
Of Jeſus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His Preſence we have.

The great Congregation
His Triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing Salvation
To Jeſus our King.

Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the Throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
Our Jeſus's Praiſes
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r
And Wiſdom and Might;
All Honour and Bleſſing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite Love.

HYMN LI.

De Deum.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praiſe
Thy Goodneſs and Pow'r,
Thou God of all Grace!
With Honour and Bleſſing,
Before thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing
Thee Father of all.

The Heav'ns and Earth,
And Water and Air,
To thee owe their Birth,
Subſiſt by thy Care;
While Angels are ſinging
Thy Praiſes above,
We mortals are bringing
Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the Supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with him:
Inveſted with Glory,
On high doſt thou ſit,
While Angels adore thee,
And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love!
How wond'rous thy Grace!
Thou cam'ſt from above
To ſave a loſt Race;
And, Man to deliver,
Of Mary waſt born,
That ev'ry Believer
To God might return.

How ſoon will thy Seat
Of Judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet
And welcome thee there.
Thy witneſſing Spirit
In us ſhed abroad
And bid us inherit
The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son
And Spirit agree,
To conſtitute one
Compleat Deity:
Sweet Jeſus, thy Merit
Makes our Peace with God,
And by thy good Spirit
Fall'n Souls are renew'd.

HYMN LII.

To the TRINITY.

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial Source we owe
Rivers of endleſs Joys above,
And Hills of Comfort here below!

Glory to thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred Spirit Praiſe,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

HYMN LIII.

The ſame.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three!

Inthron'd in everlaſting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
To thee in Hymns aſpire;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord;
Be endleſs Praiſe to thee
Supreme, eſſential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN LIV.

The ſame.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breadth,
In Honour to the Son;
Who brought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit Praiſe,
Of an immortal Strain;
Whoſe Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The ſame Record within!

To the great One and Three,
That ſeal the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

HYMN LV.

The ſame.

WE give immortal Praiſe
To God the Father's Love;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above,
He ſent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlaſting Woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And ſees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worſhip give:
Whoſe new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinners live.
His Work compleats
The great Deſign,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God to thee
Be endleſs Honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One!
Where Reaſon fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

HYMN LVI.

The ſame.

TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the World began:
To him that bore the Curſe
To ſave rebellious Man;
To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endleſs Praiſe
And Glory due.

The Father's Love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal Songs!
We bring to God, the Son,
Hoſannas on our Tongues.
Our Lips addreſs
The Spirit's Name,
With equal Praiſe
And Zeal the ſame.

Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n ſhall raiſe
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

HYMN LVII.

Angels praiſe the Lord.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fixed his Throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Hoſts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vaſt Kingdoms ſhew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shall ſing his Graces too.

HYMN LVIII.

The Brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd
When Iſr'el's mourning Tribes complain'd,

And ſigh'd to be reliev'd,
A Serpent ſtrait the Prophet made,
Of molten Braſs to View diſplay'd,
The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what healing to the Heart
Does, Jeſu's greater Croſs impart,
To thoſe who ſeek a Cure?
Iſr'el of old, and we no leſs,
The ſame indulgent Grace confeſs,
Whilſt Life and Breath endure.

To Reaſon's View, ſo ſtrange Effect,
Self-righteous Souls will ſtill reject,
And periſh in their Pride!
Not ſo the ſtung with Sin and Law,
Theſe all their rich Salvation draw
From Jeſu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchleſs Croſs,
And other Objects count but Loſs,
No other Gain explore!
Here ſtill be fix'd our feaſted Eyes,
Teeming with Tears of glad Surprize,
And thankfully adore!

Hail great Emmanuel, balmy Name!
Thy Praiſe the Ranſom'd will proclaim,
Thee we Phyſician call;
We own no other Cure but thine,
Thou the Deliverer Divine,
Our Health, our Life, our All.

HYMN LIX.

God made Man.

O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Work on high,
The Moon that rules the Night
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light.

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo!

That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm!

Jeſus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

HYMN LX.

Faith in Christ.

HOW ſad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it ſtains;
And Satan binds our Captive Souls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
Sounds from God's ſacred Word;
Ho! ye deſpairing Sinners, come
And truſt upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief!
We would believe thy Promiſe, Lord,
O help our Unbelief!

To the bleſt Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly:
There may we waſh our ſpotted Souls
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye!

Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins ſubdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worms,
Into thy Hands we fall;
Be thou our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus, and our All!

HYMN LXI.

Thankſgiving.

MEET and right it is to ſing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
To rehearſe his ſolemn Praiſe.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the chearful Sound;

Publiſh thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praiſes here to thee we give
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, ſov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in Jeſu's Name;
Saviour, thee we ever bleſs,
Thee our Lord and God confeſs.

HYMN LXII.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs—yet oh benignly ours!
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join:
We with them our Voices raiſe,
Echoing thy eternal Praiſe.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God moſt high!

HYMN LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whoſe Glory fills the Sky;

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now preſume to ſing;
Glad thine Attributes confeſs,
Glorious all and numberleſs.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the everlaſting Lord;
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Chriſt our Lord and God we own,
Chriſt the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending Man!

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Juſtify us by thy Blood;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement thou!

Hear; for thou, O Chriſt, alone,
With thy gracious Sire, art one!
One the Holy Ghoſt, with thee,
One Supreme eternal Three.

HYMN LXIV.

It is finiſh'd.

'TIS finiſh'd, the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
Whilſt we this Sentence ſcan,
Come, Sinners, and obſerve the Word,
Behold the Conqueſts of our Lord,
Compleat for helpleſs Man.

Finiſh'd the Righteouſneſs of Grace,
Finiſh'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace,
  Their mighty Debt is paid:
Accuſing Law, cancel'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God,
  In ſweet Oblivion laid.

Who now ſhall urge a ſecond Claim!
The Law no longer can condemn,
  Faith a Releaſe can ſhew;
Juſtice itſelf a Friend appears.
The Priſon-houſe a Whiſper hears,
  Looſe him and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar!
Source of tormenting fruitleſs Fear,
  Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis finiſh'd, ſtill may anſwer all,
  And ſilence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But, ah! the Praiſe his Word demands;
  Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our Souls be this,
Becauſe Salvation finiſh'd is,
  Our Thanks ſhall never end.

HYMN LXV.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace,
  The Father has beſtow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
  To call them Sons of God.

Nor doth it yet appear,
How great they will be made;
But when they ſee their Saviour here,
Saints ſhall be like their Head.

A Hope ſo much divine,
May Trials well endure;
May purge their Souls from Senſe and Sin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy Love
We ſhare a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To reſt upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie
Like Slaves before thy Throne;
Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the Kindred own.

HYMN LXVI.

Enjoyment of CHRIST.

LORD, what a Heav'n of ſaving Grace!
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face,
O light our Paſſions to a Flame!
Then ſhall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of ſacred Joy,
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ;
Then ſhall we long to gaze away,
A long and everlaſting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy Right Hand,
While we paſs thro' this barren Land;

And in thy Temple let us ſee
A Glimpſe of Love, a Glimpſe of thee.

HYMN LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Perſon of CHRIST.

NOW to the Lord, a noble Song;
Awake, my Soul, awake my Tongue,
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs Love proclaim!

See where it ſhines in Jeſu's Face!
The brighteſt Image of his Grace;
God, in the Perſon of his Son,
Hath all his mightieſt Works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a ſweet, a charming Theme;
Exult, my Soul, at Jeſus Name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound;
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And ſing his Name to Harps of Gold!

HYMN LXVIII.

Looking to JESUS.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is ſeen on his Throne!
His Labours are o'er,
His Conqueſts put on:
A Kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n,
For ever to ſtand.

Ye Sinners below
Then truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word:
Athirſt for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore!

HYMN LXIX.

Firſt and ſecond Adam.

DEEP in the Duſt, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Diſgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence ſprung our Nature and our Shame.

But whilſt our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We ſing the Honours of thy Grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd Race.

We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own:
Adam, the ſecond, from the Duſt
Raiſes the Ruins of the firſt.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life; there glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

HYMN LXX.

Salvation.

SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!
What Pleaſure to our Ears!
A ſov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay!
Oh may we riſe by Grace divine,
To ſee a heav'nly Day!

Salvation! let the Echo fly
The ſpacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.

HYMN LXXI.

CHRIST's Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The Prince of Darkneſs flies;
His Troops ruſh headlong down to Hell,
Like Light'ning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd Sheep!
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries and thy deathly Fame,
Thro' the wide World ſhall run:
And everlaſting Ages ſing
The Triumphs thou haſt won.

HYMN LXXII.

A Bleſſed Gospel.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound,
Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN LXXIII.

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his aweful Sight,
And Pſalms of Honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs Might,
The whole Creation's King.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious Hand:
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face:
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!

HYMN LXXIV.

The Church is God's Houſe and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

Praiſe ye the Lord, the Lord is good,
To praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ;
Iſr'el he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his Love,
People and Prieſts exalt his Name;
Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jeruſalem.

HYMN LXXV.

Praiſing God.

GIVE Thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord,
The ſov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

He ſaw the Nations lie,
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State,
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy Lord,
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

HYMN LXXVI.

The ſame.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe:
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

HYMN LXXVII.

Deſiring CHRIST'S Love to be ſhed abroad in the Heart.

COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls poſſeſs,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length
Of thine unmeaſureable Grace.

Now to the God whoſe Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting Honours done,
By all the Church, through Chriſt his Son!

HYMN LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
Be everlaſting Honours giv'n;
He ſaves from Hell, (we bleſs his Name)
He calls loſt wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deſerts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praiſe.

'Twas his own Purpoſe that begun
To reſcue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry Sky.

Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Councils known:
Declares the great Tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down.

HYMN LXXIX.

Sight of GOD and CHRIST in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The Reach of theſe inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleaſing Sight!
Of our Almighty Father's Throne!
There ſits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him ſtand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet Glories on them all.

When ſhall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow among them there,
And view thy Face, and ſing thy Love?

HYMN LXXX.

Inviting to Praiſe.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to Jeſu's Wounds,
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath:
And Jeſus ſays, he'll caſt out none
That come to him by Faith.

HYMN LXXXI.

The ſame.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe;
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds around the Sky:
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

He form'd the Stars, thoſe heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And cloaths the ſmiling Fields with Corn;
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight,
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

HYMN LXXXII.

The ſame.

YE Seekers of God, whoſe diligent Care
Isever imploy'd in Chriſt's Blood to ſhare,
With Praiſes unceaſing, your Jeſus proclaim,
Rejoicing, and bleſſing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jeſus commands, come all to his Houſe,
And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows;
And whilſt we are giving our Jeſus his Due,
Do thou, bleſſed Spirit, our Natures renew!

HYMN LXXXIII.

Univerſal Praiſe.

HARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
Strives t'adore our bounteous King,
Each a double Tribute pays,
Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my ſluggiſh Heart,
Wake, and gladly ſing thy Part;
Learn of Birds, and Springs and Flow'rs
How t' employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
Since 'twas h whole Nature made;
Join we in one endleſs Song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy Works ador'd;
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

HYMN LXXXIV.

The New Creation.

ATTEND while God's eternal Son,
Doth his own Glories ſhew:
" Behold, I ſit upon my Throne,
" Creating all Things new.

" Nature and Sin are paſt away,
" And the old Adam dies;
" My Hands a new Foundation lay,
" See a new World ariſe!"

Mighty Redeemer, ſet us free
From our old State of Sin;
O make our Souls alive to thee,
Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
And mould our Hearts afreſh:
Give us new Paſſions, Joys, and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Fleſh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin and Earth and Hell;
In the new World thy Grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell!

HYMN LXXXV.

Longing for CHRIST.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing Blood,
Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain
Is ſweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our Breaſts, and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How bleſt are thoſe who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding Side!
Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou ſhould'ſt Man to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a Never-fading Crown!

Ah, Lord! enlarge our ſcanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unloſe our ſtamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immenſe, unſearchable.

Firſt born of many Brethren thou,
To thee both Earth and Heav'n muſt bow
Help us to thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN LXXXVI.

The ſame.

O Love divine, how ſweet thou art,
When ſhall we find our longing Hearts
All taken up by thee?
Oh make me pant and thirſt to prove
The Greatneſs of redeeming Love,
The Love of Chriſt to me.

God only knows the Love of God;
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In each poor ſtony Heart!
For Love I'd ſigh, for Love I'd pine,
This only Portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better Part!

O that we could for ever ſit
With Mary at the Maſter's Feet,
Be this our happy Choice!
Our only Care, Delight, and Bliſs,
Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,
Nothing on Earth, beneath Deſire,
Nothing in Heav'n above;
Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,
Give us thy precious Love.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him Rev'rence;
Bleſs him for his Blood and Name,
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why ſhould Sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or Temptation?
Is not Chriſt upon the Throne,
Still thy ſtrong Salvation?

Caſt thy Burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He (whoſe Hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Reſt, my Soul,
Turn thee and diſcover
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Bluſh that thou haſt him forgot,
Who can happy make thee;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour;
Count thou all beſide but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The Chriſtian Race.

AWAKE our Souls, away our Fears;
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone;
Awake and run the heav'nly Race;
And put a chearful Courage on.

True 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchleſs Pow'r;
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a freſh Supply,
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
Oh may we mount to thine Abode!
On Wings of Love to Jeſus fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly Road!

HYMN LXXXIX.

We love him becauſe he firſt loved us.

OF him who did Salvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and ſing!
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To ſhame our Sins, Chriſt bluſh'd in Blood,
He clos'd his Eyes to ſhew us God,
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God ſuch Love could ſhow.

HYMN XC.

Perſevering Grace.

TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praiſes bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counſel and his Care,
Preſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will preſent his Saints,
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

Then all the choſen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bleſs the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting Songs.

HYMN XCI.

To Jesus Christ,

O Thou in whom the Gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt,
Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy Name,
Jeſus! unchangeable, the ſame!

If Angels, whilſt to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
How ſhall we ſinful Duſt draw nigh
The great, the aweful Deity?

Glory to thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am;
With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bleſs,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteouſneſs.

Live, ever glorious Jeſus! live,
Worthy all Bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

HYMN XCII.

Unfruitfulneſs.

LONG have we ſat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But ſtill how weak our Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a Portion of thy Grace
Do our falſe Hearts retain!

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne?

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear!
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there!

Great God, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love ſhall never die.

HYMN XCIII.

The Church, a Garden.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around,
Choſen, and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderneſs.

Like Spicy Trees, Believers ſtand,
Planted by an Almighty Hand;
And all the Springs in Zion flow,
To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;

Spirit divine, deſcend, and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incenſe to our God;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

HYMN XCIV.

Redemption found.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be.

Fix, Ō fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Croſs our Spirits bind;
Earthly Paſſions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Duſt and Aſhes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

Boundleſs Wiſdom, Power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heav'n.

HYMN XCV.

Complaining of ſpiritual Sloth.

OUR drowſy Pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake each ſluggiſh Soul;

Nothing has half our Work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live.

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And ſit, and warm our Hearts.

Then ſhall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls ſhall riſe;
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

HYMN XCVI.

CHRIST'S Righteouſneſs imputed to Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes,
The Embaſſy of Peace,
Who at Jeſu's Hand receives
The Gift of Righteouſneſs:
God is his Salvation's God,
The Lord is his Almighty Shield;
He with Grace ſhall be endow'd,
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam ſlay,
And ruin all his Race?
Jeſus takes our Sins away.
By ſuff'ring in our Place:
He perform'd what God required,
And anſwer'd all the Law demands;
In his Righteouſneſs attir'd,
The true Believer ſtands.

Moſes, at a Diſtance, ſaw
This Righteouſneſs divine!
In the Volume of the Law,
How clearly doth it ſhine!
Holy Men, and Prophets old,
Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,
Of his Righteouſneſs foretold,
And truſted in the ſame.

How perverſely did the Jews
His Righteouſneſs diſcard!
Shall we then his Love abuſe,
And ſlight his great Reward?
Of the Law he is the End,
And after we have done our beſt,
On his Grace we muſt depend,
And in his Merits reſt.

What a Myſtery of Love
In God's Deſigns appears!
Jeſus coming from above,
Our Sin and Torment bears:
God imputes Man's Sins to him;
Imputes to Man his Righteouſneſs;
Guilty he doth Chriſt eſteem,
And guiltleſs us confeſs.

HYMN XCVII.

God's Condeſcenſion to our Worſhip.

THY Favours, Lord, ſurprize our Souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canſt thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his ſtarry Throne,
And pleaſe his Ears with Gabriel's Songs;
But th' heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God! what poor returns we pay,
For Love ſo infinite as thine?
Words are but air, and Tongues but Clay:
But thy Compaſſion's all divine.

HYMN XCVIII.

The ſame.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting Praiſes fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can ſhake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodneſs, how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts deviſe
A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
To the third Heav'n our Songs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden Harps thy Praiſe.

HYMN XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion deſired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Kindle a Flame of ſacred Love
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly Toys ;
Our Souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal Joys !

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe ;
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying Rate ;
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great ?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs ;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN C.

The ſame.

TO praiſe redeeming Love,
Dear Chriſtians, lend a Voice;
Come, thou diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice!
Our Hearts, too low,
Lord, thou canſt raiſe;
Bleſt Spirit, blow,
And we ſhall praiſe.

Here, Lord, may we admire
The Riches of thy Grace.
'Till thou ſhalt call us higher,
There to behold thy Face:
Oh Height of Grace,
Oh Depth of Love!
Lord, fit us for
Our Place above.

Who can thy Love expreſs?
Thy Mercy ne'er decays!
What can our Souls do leſs
Than love thee all our Days?
Bleſs God each Soul,
Even unto Death;
And write a Song
For every Breath.

HYMN CI.

Praiſe to God for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace;
But our loud Songs ſhall ſtill record
The Wonders of thy Praiſe.

We raiſe our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy Throne;
All Glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word;
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd Frame,
Salvation to the Lord!

Hoſanna! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound;
Rocks, Hills and Vales reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

HYMN CII.

The Faithfulneſs of God in the Promiſes.

BEGIN, my Tongue, ſome heav'nly Theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulneſs,
And ſound his Pow'r abroad.

Sing the ſweet Promiſe of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying Men ;
His Hand hath writ the ſacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Braſs,
The mighty Promiſe ſhines ;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting Lines.

O might we hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whiſper, Thou art mine !
Thoſe gentle Words ſhould raiſe my Song
To Notes almoſt divine.

How would our leaping Hearts rejoice,
And think our Heav'n ſecure !
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,
And Faith deſires no more.

HYMN CIII.

Reſurrection of CHRIST.

BLESS'D Morning, whoſe young dawning Rays,
Beheld our riſing God ;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,
And leave his laſt Abode !

In the cold Priſon of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,
To hold our God in vain;
The ſleeping Conqu'ror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred Hours we pay,
And loud Hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praiſe,
To our victorious King,
Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
With glad Hoſannas ring.

HYMN CIV.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Deſpair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

Down from the ſhining Seats above,
With joyful Haſte he fled,
Entered the Grave in mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break,

And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praiſes ſpeak.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CV.

Paſſion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious Tongues,
Your nobleſt Muſic bring;
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God,
And Chriſt the Man, we ſing.

Tell how he took our Fleſh,
To take away our Guilt;
Sing the dear Drops of ſacred Blood,
That helliſh Monſters ſpilt.

Down to the ſhades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign,
When Death itſelf is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Croſs and Nails no more;
For Hell itſelf ſhakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer ſits,
High on the Father's Throne;
The Father lays his Vengeance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.

HYMN CVI.

The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.

OH the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace!

Sweet Majeſty and awful Love,
Sit ſmiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Diſtance bow.

His Head, the dear majeſtic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unſeen, adore;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts ſhall love him more.

Lord, ſet our Spirits all on Fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd Abode;
And tune our Tongues to ſing the Praiſe
Of our incarnate God!

HYMN CVII.

Look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn.

INFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold our bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh the ſharp Pangs of ſmarting Pain,
  Our dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
  His ſacred Body tore!

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
  In vain do we accuſe;
In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
  And the more ſpightful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,
  His chief Tormentors were;
Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
  And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down
  Upon his guiltleſs Head:
Break, break our Hearts, oh burſt theſe Eyes
  And let our Sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
  'Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
  In undiſſembled Woe.

HYMN CVIII.

The Same.

ALAS! and did our Saviour bleed?
  And did our Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred Head
  For ſuch a Worm as I?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
  He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown,
  And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing Face,
While his dear Croſs appears ;
Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe ;
May I here give myſelf away !
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CIX.

The ſame.

IS there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort bring, or ſatisfy,
But our dear Saviour's Wounds ?
Here is a ſweet and conſtant Peace,
A Treaſure full of richeſt Grace,
All elſe are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, ſink down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To ſuffer, bleed and die ;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was ſpilt,
Thou didſt him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of ſinful Duſt,
Thy deareſt Lord ſweat for thy Luſt,
'Till Drops of Blood fall down !
See how he yonder proſtrate lies !
Obſerve his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
Mark every Tear and Groan.

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
Amidſt contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,
For thee a Sacrifice:
Faſten'd unto the ſhameful Wood,
Deſpis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood;
So dear thy Ranſom Price!

Lord, didſt thou ſuffer thus for me?
Did'ſt thou feel all this Miſery
To give me Life and Peace?
Then let me bear it on my Heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,
Thy Blood ſigns my Releaſe.

HYMN CX.

Diſtinguiſhing Love, or Angels puniſh'd and Man ſaved.

DOWN headlong from the native Skies
The Rebel-Angels fell!
And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath
Purſu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliſs
Rebellious Man was hurl'd;
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the Grave,
To reach a ſinking World.

Oh Love of infinite Degree!
Unmeaſurable Grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To ſave a trait'rous Race?

Muſt Angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs Fire;
While God forſakes his ſhining Throne
To raiſe us Wretches higher?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies
With Hallelujahs ring,
And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujahs ſing !

HYMN CXI.

CHRIST's Commiſſion.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God
With new melodious Songs ;
Come, tender to Almighty Grace
The Tributes of your Tongues.

So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father ſent his equal Son,
To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd
With a revenging Rod ;
No hard Commiſſion to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forſook the Throne,
When Chriſt on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds
And wipe your ſorrows dry ;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you ſhall never die.

O deareſt Lord, melt down our Souls
T' accept thine offer'd Grace ;
Then will we bleſs the Saviour's Love,
And give the Father Praiſe.

HYMN CXII.

The ſame.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune;
Let the wide Earth reſound the Deeds
Celeſtial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched Race
From their Abyſs of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrows ceaſe;
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

HYMN CXIII.

Behold I ſtand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy Grace, O Lord ;
How plenteouſly haſt thou prepar'd
A Supper for thy Saints !
All Things are ready, thou haſt ſaid,
A Table thou haſt richly ſpread,
To anſwer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to Thee,
O kindly bid us come and ſee,
And taſte how good thou art ;
Knock with the Hammar of thy Word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
Lord break into each Heart.

Darkneſs and Unbelief remove,
And raviſh all our Souls with Love,
Caſt out the Pow'r of Sin ;
Jeſus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
And for thyſelf our Hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Like Rivers flow, and ſtill increaſe,
Unto the Ocean driv'n :
Lord, condeſcend to ſup with me,
And grant I now may ſup with thee,
And ſup at laſt in Heav'n.

HYMN CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

AND are we Wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel!
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would ſink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodneſs cries, Forbear,
And ſtrait the Thunder ſtays;
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin;
O that our Hearts may bleed, to ſee
What Rebels we have been!

No more, our Luſts, may ye command,
No more may we obey!
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

HYMN CXV.

Acceſs to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,

And ſmile to ſee our Father there,
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And ſhot devouring Flame;
Our God appear'd conſuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jeſu's Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That ſprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
No double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliſs
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raiſe our Notes of Praiſe,
And reach the almighty Throne.

To thee ten thouſand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And Glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his Fury by.

HYMN CXVI.

The Darkneſs of Providence.

LORD, we adore thy vaſt Deſigns,
Th' obſcure Abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns without a Smile;
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compaſſion ſtill.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Diſtreſs,
They ſail by Faith, and not by Sight;
Faith guides them in the Wilderneſs,
Thro' all the Briars of the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod,
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

HYMN CXVII.

The Prieſthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries:
But the dear Stream when Chriſt was ſlain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his Vengeance by;
And Rebels that deſerve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jeſus let our Praiſes riſe,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Benefit of Publick Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
Away from Earth our Souls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs World afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
We ſee thy Feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
United Groans aſcend on high;
And Prayer bears a quick Return
Of Bleſſings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would ſtill abide
Within thy Temple, near thy Side;
But if our Feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

HYMN CXIX.

Infant-Baptiſm.

THUS did the Sons of Abr'ham paſs
Under the bloody Seal of Grace:
The young Diſciples bore the Yoke,
'Till Chriſt the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's Cov'nant and his Love:
He ſeals to Saints his glorious Grace;
And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their Seed is ſprinkled with his Blood,
Their Children ſet apart for God ;
His Spirit on their Offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the Head.

Let every Saint with chearful Voice
In this large Covenant rejoice ;
Young Children in their early Days,
Shall give the God of Abr'ham Praiſe.

HYMN CXX.

The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with Truth and Grace ;
Jeſus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his Blood,
And lives to carry on his Love,
By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King ;
How ſweet are his Commands !
He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,
By his almighty Hands.

Hoſanna to his glorious Name,
Who ſaves by diff'rent Ways !
His Mercies lay a ſov'reign Claim
To our immortal Praiſe.

HYMN CXXI.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beaſts
On Jewiſh Altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty Conſcience Peace,
Or waſh away the Stain.

But Chriſt, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my Sin.

My Soul looks back to ſee
The Burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the Curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And ſing his bleeding Love.

HYMN CXXII.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
Our Jeſus and our God,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
The Father ſmiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Fleſh I ſee,
My Thoughts no Comfort find;
The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three
Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Emmanuel's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins!
His Name forbids my ſlaviſh Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wiſdom boaſt;
I love th' incarnate Myſtery,
And there I fix my Truſt.

HYMN CXXIII.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
The God of Ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs Days;
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And ſpares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holineſs
On our dead Souls was found;
Yet doth he us in Mercy ſpare,
Another, and another Year.

When Juſtice bar'd the Sword
To cut the Fig-tree down,
The Pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it ſtill alone.
The Father mild inclines his Ear,
And ſpares us yet another Year.

Jeſus, thy ſpeaking Blood
From God obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer Space:
Thou didſt in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another Year.

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praiſe abound:

O let us all thy Praiſe declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

HYMN CXXIV.

Adult-Baptiſm.

DESCEND, celeſtial Dove!
In ev'ry Boſom dwell;
Upon the preſent Water move,
While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,
Baptize with purging Flames
This Soul, and with thy Grace inſpire,
In ceaſeleſs living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,
Thy Promiſe, Lord, fulfil;
Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the ſame;
And with this Water now convey
The Virtues of thy Name.

Witneſs to this thy Sign,
And grant the inward Grace;
Let this thy Servant ſeal'd for thine,
From hence depart in Peace.

HYMN CXXV.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the Man whoſe guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,
Our only Refuge is thy Grace;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leproſy lies deep within.

Jeſus, our God, thy Blood alone,
Hath Pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-caſt Hearts rejoice.

HYMN CXXVI.

The ſame.

LORD, we would ſpread our ſore Diſtreſs
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace,
How high our Crimes ariſe!

Shouldſt thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
And cruſh our Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.

Cleanſe us, O Lord, and chear each Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make our broken Spirits whole,
And bid our Pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy Face,
Create a-new our vicious Hearts,
And fill them with thy Grace.

HYMN CXXVII.

At the Death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
Or ſhake at Death's Alarms?
'Tis but the Voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as Time can move?
Why ſhould we wiſh the Hours more ſlow,
That keep us from our Love?

Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb!
There the dear Fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a ſweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bleſs'd,
And ſoft'ned every Bed;
Where ſhould the dying Members reſt,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our Feet the Way;
Up to the Lord our Fleſh ſhall fly
At the great riſing Day.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Funeral.

TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame ;
I would ſurvey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of Time ;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their Noiſe is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show ;
Some dig for golden Ore ;
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,
As all our Fathers were :
May we be well prepar'd to go,
When we the Summons hear !

HYMN CXXIX.

The ſame.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it ſtands,

When thou muſt quit this Houſe of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

O could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their Stead!
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the Dead.

Then ſhould we ſee the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

HYMN CXXX.

O come let us ſing unto the Lord.

DISCIPLES of Chriſt,
Ye Friends of the Lamb,
Attend and aſſiſt
In ſinging his Fame:
Eternal Thankſgiving
The Faithful ſhould pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The Sin we had done:
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curſe we incurred,
Our Stripes and our Woe.

Nor only he died.
But alſo aroſe,
Laid Weakneſs aſide,
And over his Foes
(Sin, Death, and the Devil)
He triumphed o'er,
And every Evil,
Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
Who ſits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
We count thee alone
Deſerving our Bleſſing,
And Bleſſing we'll give,
Without ever ceaſing,
So long as we live.

HYMN CXXXI.

For the fifth of November.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye Britiſh Skies, reſound the Noiſe
Beyond the riſing Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
Thee our glad Voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial Choir
To praiſe th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
And on the ſtarry ſkies
Sits ſmiling at the weak Deſigns,
Thine envious Foes deviſe.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown
Flings vaſt Confuſion on their Plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r;
Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

HYMN CXXXII.

A Song of Praiſe to God from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her Pow'rs ſhall ſing,
God the Creator and the King;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praiſe.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that ſit near his Throne;
Tune your Harps high, and ſpread the Sound
To the Creator's utmoſt Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame
Exert your Force, and own his Name;
Whilſt with our Souls and with our Voice,
We ſing his honours, and our Joys.

He builds and guards the Britiſh Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our ſucceſſive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raiſe monumental Praiſes high
To him that Thunders thro' the Sky:
The ſtrongeſt Notes that Angels raiſe
Faint in the Worſhip and the Praiſe.

At Diſmiſſion.

NO farther go To-night, but ſtay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day:
Turn in, dear Lord, with me;
And in the Morning, when I wake,
Me in thine Arms, my Jeſus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

The ſame.

I Will lay me down to ſleep,
And ſafely take my Reſt;
Me commend to Jeſu's Grace,
And as upon his Breaſt.
So, if Jeſus pleaſe, I'll ſleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard;
O, my Shepherd, love and keep.
And be my great Reward.

The ſame.

NONE but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore;
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth, our Praiſe may claim;
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

Gloria Patri.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whoſe Love is as large as his Pow'r,
And neither knows Meaſure nor End.
'Tis Jeſus the Firſt and the Laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

PRAISE God, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore.
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heav'nly Hoſt
To praiſe thee evermore,
Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All Glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
Praiſe, eternal as his Love:
Praiſe him all ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

TO God, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Curſe t' remove,
To that bleſt Spirit who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endleſs Glory, Praiſe and Love.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be Praiſe amidſt the heav'nly Hoſt,
And in the Church below;
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
By whom Redemption bleſt the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father Praiſe,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honours done.

TO God the Father's Throne,
Perpetual Honours raiſe:
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praiſe:
With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

HYMNS

FOR

SOCIETY, and Perſons meeting in Chriſtian-Fellowſhip.

HYMN I.

For SOCIETY.

WHO can have greater Cauſe to ſing,
Who greater Cauſe to bleſs,
Than we the Children of the King,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs?

With Angel-Hoſts, dear Lamb, we join
To praiſe thy Love and Pow'er,
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou mighty Counſellor,
Thou mighty Counſellor,
Thou mighty Counſellor.

We late were Satan's Captives led ;
And Hell had been our End,
Hadſt thou not for our Pardon bled,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
Nor ſhall our Praiſes ceaſe ;
We evermore will ſing that ſong,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

No other God we know but thee,
None elſe did us create ;
Thy Glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didſt take
The Mediator's Place,
When we the Father's Statutes break,
All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !
All hail thou Prince of Peace !

We daily prove thee ſtill the ſame,
Whene'er our Need we ſee ;
Thou beareſt ſtill a Saviour's Name,
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be !
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be !
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be !

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
Shall us from thee divide ;
Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd.

HYMN II.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and ſtretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace ;
Riſe from tranſitory Things,
Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this Earth remove ;
Riſe, my Soul, and haſte away
To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their Courſe :
Fire aſcending ſeeks the Sun,
Both ſpeed them to their Source :
So a Soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious Face,
Upwards tends to his Abode,
To reſt in his Embrace.

Ceaſe, ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the Prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the Skies :

Yet a Seaſon and you know
Happy Entrance will be given,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heaven.

HYMN III.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my Father's Family,
Ye ranſom'd of the Lord;
Come, ye Sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhor'd;
Let us gladly trace his Steps,
Who ſuffer'd Death among the Jews,
Who the friendleſs Soul accepts,
Whom all beſide refuſe.

Jeſus, the deſpis'd and mean,
Our Maſter let us own,
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
The Saviour he alone;
Let us take and bear his Croſs,
Deſpis'd Diſciples let us be;
Mock'd and ſlighted, as he was
For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore:
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth our Praiſe may claim,
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN IV.

The ſame.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,
Join in publiſhing his Fame;
Let the whole Society
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us ſo favour'd are?
We the Lord's peculiar care?
We the precious Stones of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.

Who can make their boaſt like us?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?
We can boaſt, for we are made
Kings and Prieſts in Chriſt our Head.

Jeſus, (when we all were poor,)
Out of Love's eternal Store,
Gave to each of us a Crown,
Gave us Manſions on his Throne.

Neither leaves us deſolate,
While we're in our Pilgrim State:
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by Faith's Perſpective ſee.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,
Well perſuaded he us hears;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Anſwers gives again.

Beſt of Friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love;

Faithful, gracious, good, the ſame
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we ſing to thee,
High exalted Deity ;
Bleſs we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone ;

HYMN V.

Christ our Great Melchiſedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No Muſic like thy charming Name
Ne'er half ſo ſweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay,
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely Name,
When all Things elſe decay :
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Chriſt ſhall be our Song.

Cennick,

HYMN VI.

Peace of God's Children.

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,

Making Wars and Jarrings ceaſe,
Cauſing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,
Kindly rule in us ;
Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his Croſs,
Stedfaſt 'till our Work is done.

Let us, like a Flock of Sheep,
Cloſe together perſevere,
True by one another keep,
Each eſteeming very dear,
Altogether move :
Truly ſubject be the whole,
Bound in Bonds of trueſt Love,
One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,
One ſole Doctrine witneſs too,
Chriſt the Lord our God was ſlain,
Slain for us, and this is true,
He will ours abide ;
He will our dear Portion be,
He who on Mount Calvary dy'd,
Jeſus, Jeſus, only he !

Strive we who ſhall love thee moſt,
Who ſhall moſt in Faith excel,
Who can of the Saviour boaſt,
Who can moſt of Jeſus tell :
This employ us all :
Daily this contend we for,
Daily 'till the Lamb ſhall call,
Proſp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
Little loving Children be,

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;
So continue firm:
While beneath us thou wilt lay
Thy eternal out-ſtretch'd Arm,
'Till we wake in endleſs Day.

HYMN VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jeſu's Wounds, how good
Sounds it in our Ears and Hearts!
Nothing, ſurely, like that Blood,
Can ſuch ſolid Bliſs impart;
Oh 'tis moſt divine!
Weary Sinners hither fly,
Laden with their crimſon Sin,
This blots out the dreadful Dye.

You, who have the Law obey'd,
You, who Righteouſneſs t'attain,
Earneſtly by Works aſſay'd,
But have found your Strife in vain,
Turn you to Chriſt's Blood,
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an abſent God,
Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Whoſo after Reſt enquires,
Let him to this blood approach;
Whoſo truly Peace deſires,
Jeſu's Blood affordeth much:
Be perſuaded then;
Lift up your down-caſt Eyes,
See the Saviour bleeding ſlain,
There thy Reſt, poor Sinner, is;

Here may we take up our Place,
  Here for ever happy be ;
Here wrap up our bluſhing Face,
Seeking nought beſide to ſee !
  Here we now ſit down,
Truſting in his Blood, and prove
What the Lord for us hath done ;
  Who can fully tell his Love ?

HYMN VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praiſe.

DIALOGUE.

WE ſing to thee, thou Son of God,
  Who ſav'd us by thy Grace ;
We praiſe thee, Son of Man, whoſe Blood
  Redeem'd our fallen Race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
  Father ere Time began ;
Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
  Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
  Thro' Heaven's extended Coaſts ;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God
  Of all immortal Hoſts !

The Cherubim and Seraphim
  Are always praiſing thee ;
The Worlds and all the Pow'rs therein
  Adore thy Majeſty.

The Prophets goodly Fellowſhip,
  In milky Garments dreſs'd,
Praiſe thee, thou holy God, and reap
  The Fulneſs of thy Reſt.

Th' Apoſtles' glorious Company,
Thy righteous Praiſe proclaim;
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy everlaſting Name.

Thro' all the World thy Churches join
T' acknowledge thee the Head;
Father of Majeſty divine,
Who ev'ry Pow'r has made.

Alſo thy true and only Son,
Thy Family confeſs;
King of thy Saints, to us made known,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

Alſo the Holy Ghoſt we praiſe,
The Spirit of the Lord,
The Comforter, whoſe kindling Rays
Our dying Souls reſtor'd.

HYMN IX.

Holy Striſe in praiſing CHRIST.

RISE, O ye Seed of David, riſe,
Daughters of Zion, ſing;
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jeſus praiſe,
Salute th' auſpicious King.

Our Souls ariſe, and may our Tongue
Be tun'd to praiſe the Lamb!
So ready be our ranſom'd Throng
To magnify his Name.

Why ſtay we then? The Lord extol,
Zion, break forth in Praiſe;
Join ev'ry heavenly minded Soul
In pure ſeraphic Lays.

Open, ye everlaſting Doors,
Divide, ye Gates of Bliſs,
We with Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs,
Praiſe Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.

HYMN X.

The ſame.

LET us, the Sheep by Jeſus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's Mercy bleſs;
Let us, whom Jeſus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our Thankfulneſs.

Not unto us, to thee alone,
Bleſs'd Lamb, be Glory giv'n!
Here ſhall thy Praiſes be begun,
But carried on in Heav'n.

The Hoſts of Spirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems ſing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.

Had we our Tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our Songs ſhould riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.

'Till we the Veil of Fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays:
And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praiſe.

HYMN XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

TELL us, O Women, we would know,
Whither ſo faſt ye move?
We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are ſeeking one above.

Whence came ye, ſay, and what the Place
That ye are trav'ling from?
From Tribulation, we thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.

Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this Abode?
We ſeek a better Country far,
A City built by God.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliſs to reſt;
Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend
Our weary Souls are bleſs'd.

Friends of the Bridegroom we ſhall reign,
Saviour we aſk no more;
Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners ſlain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!

HYMN XII.

Reſting under the Croſs.

CHILDREN of Iſr'el, ſee what Shade
The Croſs does us afford;
It was for weary Trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.

A while ſit down, and we'll prepare
To ſing his worthy Fame ;
Who to redeem us ſojourn'd here.
Chriſt Jeſus is his Name.

We ſing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,
The Virtue of thy Pain ;
We ſing thy Griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for Sinners ſlain.

We hail thee, thou, by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the Knee ;
Hail! very God, the promis'd Child,
The Prophets ſang of thee.

While others praiſe an unknown God,
We each will ſing of thee ;
Jeſus had waſh'd me in his Blood,
And lov'd and dy'd for me

HYMN XIII.

General Praiſe to CHRIST.

ONCE ſlaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
We ſing to thy eternal Name,
The whole Aſſembly join ;
To yonder Harper's Harp we tune
Our ſolemn Songs, and round the Throne
We ſing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
Mix with the happy Company
Of Chriſtians gone before ;
And as they bleſs Meſſiah's Blood,
We imitate their Song, and God
The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Siſters all agree
To ſing he lov'd and dy'd for me ;
I thank him for his Grace :
Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, ſend down,
To bear us for the wiſh'd-for Throne,
Where we may ſee thy Face.

Or if thou here wouldſt have us ſtay
A longer Space, lo ! we obey ;
Only let us be ſure
That Heav'n is ours, die when we will,
And let thy Sp'rit be with us ſtill,
And we'll deſire no more.

HYMN XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
They are bought with Chriſt's own Blood,
They are ranſom'd from the Grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun ;
They the Seal of this receive
When on Jeſus they believe.

They are juſtify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a ſolid Peace ;
All their Sins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteouſneſs !
They are harmleſs, meek and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowſhip with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood;
One with God, with Jeſus one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they ſuffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleaſure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, Joint-heirs with Chriſt;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity!

HYMN XV.

Peace of Chriſtianity, in a Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you;
Poor Chriſtian Travellers are we,
To Canaan's Land we go.

No Peace (tho' we have fought) we find
In any Country here;
T'was therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.

We ne'er ſuch Pleaſure knew before,
As now in him we know;

Peace (ſince our Saviour Croſs we bore)
Like Rivers in us flow.

Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we deſpiſe;
Thy heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,
The Bliſs of Paradice.

Then joyful let us journey on
To certain Reſt above;
Singing to him on yonder's Throne
Of free electing Love.

HYMN XVI.

Glorifying God in Christ.

Dialogue.

BRETHREN ſing—'tis right you ſhou'd,
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood;
Daughters of Jeruſalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.

Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,
Lo! for you the Lamb was ſlain;
Highly favour'd Women, praiſe
Jeſus in celeſtial Lays.

Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate!
Hail! for by thy Death and Croſs,
Thou haſt purchas'd Heav'n for us.

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None but Jeſus, Iſr'el's king;
None but Jeſus will we laud,
None but Chriſt our Lord and God.

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou
Praiſe to have and Honour too;
Worthy thou of Bliſs and Power,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN XVII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known,
Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,
And thus ſurround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be baniſh'd from the Place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our Pleaſures leſs.

The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Hope and Faith may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Strees.

Then let our Songs abound,
And every Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

HYMN XVIII.

The Wiſdom of God Fooliſhneſs with Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Myſteries
Haſt often cover'd from the Wiſe,
And Babes thy Glory ſhew'd;
Thy Wiſdom far ſurpaſſes all
What ſtudious Mortals Wiſdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral Man can't right conceive
The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou didſt us redeem;
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,
The Merit of thy Blood and Croſs,
Are Fooliſhneſs to him.

They this World's Wiſdom ſeek and gain,
That Wiſdom which thou calleſt vain,
But Oh; are Strangers ſtill
To that which makes our Spirits wiſe,
And ſets before our waiting Eyes
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth and Love,
Things freely to us giv'n,
Theſe Earneſts are of greater Bliſs,
The Earneſt of that Happineſs
Which we ſhall have in Heav'n.

HYMN XIX.

The Triumph of Faith.

HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy Members here,
Shall ſing like thoſe in Glory.
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With bleſt Anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The Praiſe of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
And paſſing thro' the Fire,
Thy love we praiſe,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands exulting
In thine Almighty Favour,
The Love Divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou doſt conduct thy People
Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilſt thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan
In vain our March oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break thro' them all,
And ſing the Song of Moſes.

By Faith we ſee the Glory,
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The Croſs deſpiſe
For that high Prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At God's right Hand,
To take us up to Heav'n.

HYMN XX.

The ſame.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give Thanks, and ſing
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love,
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

He ſits at God's right Hand,
Till all his Foes ſubmit,
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneath his Feet;
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his Servants up
To their eternal Home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' Arch-angel's Voice,
The Trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice!

HYMN XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly Paſſions ceaſe,
O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into cloſeſt Union draw,
And in our inward Parts,
Let Kindneſs ſweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts conſtrain,
Jeſus the Crucified!
What haſt thou done our Hearts to gain,
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and died!

Who would not now purſue the Way
Where Jeſu's Footſteps ſhine!
Who would not own the pleaſing Sway
Of Charity Divine?

O let us find the ancient Way,
Our wond'ring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to ſay,
"See how theſe Chriſtians love!"

HYMN XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

PART I.

COME, and let us ſweetly join,
Chriſt to praiſe in Hymns divine;
Give we all with one Accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Strive, we in Affection ſtrive,
Let the purer Flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jeſu's Name,
Now, as Yeſterday the ſame;
One in ev'ry Age and Place,
Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace.
Chriſt is now gone up on high,
(Thither may our Wiſhes fly):
Sits at God's right Hand above,
There with him we reign in Love!

HYMN XXIII.

PART II.

PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
Lift your Hearts and Voices up:
Jointly let us riſe and ſing,
Chriſt our Prophet, Prieſt, and King.

Monuments of Jeſu's Grace,
Speak we by our Lives his Praiſe ;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Shew we not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,
God our Hearts doth ſtill unite ;
Deareſt Fellowſhip we prove,
Fellowſhip of Jeſu's Love :
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the Bonds of Duty join'd,
Feels the cleanſing Blood apply'd,
Daily feels that Chriſt hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our Faith increaſe,
Cleanſe from all Unrighteouſneſs ;
Thee, th' Unholy cannot ſee ;
Make, O make us meet for thee !
Ev'ry vile Affection kill,
Free our Souls from ev'ry Ill,
Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,
Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,
Love the Proof that Chriſt we know ;
Mutual Love the Token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee !
Love, thy Image, Love impart,
Stamp it fully on each Heart ;
Only Love to us be giv'n,
Lord, we aſk no other Heav'n.

HYMN XXIV.

PART III.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent Prayer ;

Hear, and our Petitions ſeal,
Let us now the Anſwer feel:
Myſtically one with thee,
Tranſcript of the Trinity;
Thee let all our Nature own,
One in Three, and Three in One.

Build us in one Body up,
Call'd in one high Calling's Hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptiſmal Flame,
One the Faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives ador'd,
Over, thro', and in us all,
God incomprehenſible.

One with God, the Source of Bliſs,
Ground of our Communion this;
Life of all that live below,
Let thy Emanations flow;
Riſe eternal in our Heart,
Thou our only Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what Adam loſt.

HYMN XXV.

PART IV.

HUSBAND of thy Church below,
Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee betroth'd in Love,
Always faithful let us prove,
Never rob thee of our Heart,
Never give the Creature part;
Only thou poſſeſs the Whole,
Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfaſt let us cleave to thee,
Love the myſtic Union be ;
Union to the World unknown,
Join'd to God, in Spirit one.
Wait we 'till the Spouſe ſhall come,
'Till the Lamb ſhall take us Home ;
For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
Thou art with thy Father one ;
One with him in us be ſhew'd,
Very God of very God :
Sent our Spirits to unite,
Sent to make us Sons of Light,
Sent that we his Grace may prove,
All the Riches of his Love.

HYMN XXVI.

PART V.

CHRIST, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Comforting thy Saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic Body are ;
Join us, in one Spirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine,
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee who filleſt all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverſe Gifts to each divide ;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our Works fulfil ;
Never from our Office move,
Needful to the others prove,

Uſe the Grace on each beſtow'd,
Temper'd by the bleſſed God.

Many are we now, and one,
We who Jeſus have put on :
There is Neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee.
Love, like Death, hath all deſtroy'd,
Render'd all Diſtinctions void ;
Names and Sects, and Parties fall
Thou, O Chriſt, art all in all !

HYMN XXVII.

PART VI.

KING of Saints, to whom are giv'n
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one :
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo ! to thee our Hopes we raiſe,
Raiſe and fix our Hopes on thee,
Full of Immortality.

Abſent in our Fleſh from Home,
We are to Mount Sion come ;
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the living God ;
Enter'd there our Seats we claim
In the New Jeruſalem ;
Join the countleſs Angel-quire,
Greet the Firſt-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to ſit ;

Sweeteſt Fellowſhip we prove
With the general Church above;
Saints who now their Names behold,
In the Book of Life enroll'd,
Spirits of the Righteous, made
Perfect now in Chriſt their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts;
Abel's Blood for Vengeance cry'd,
Jeſus ſpeaks us juſtify'd!
Speaks and calls for better Things,
Makes us Prophets, Prieſts, and Kings;
Aſks that we with him may reign,
Earth and Heaven, ſay Amen!

HYMN XXVIII.

For Perſons joined in Fellowſhip.

TRY us, O God, and ſearch the Ground
Of every ſinful Heart;
What'er of Sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs;
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlaſting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's Croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,

Increaſe our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive the ready Bride;
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctify'd.

HYMN XXIX.

The ſame.

JESUS Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever ceaſe.

By thy reconciling Love,
Every Stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and ſpread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burden bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

HYMN XXX.

At Meeting.

BLEST by Jeſu's Providence,
Lo! we meet again in Peace;
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place!

When we once ſhall there arrive,
Ever happy we ſhall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midſt a Hoſt of perfect Men.

There ſhall Sorrow not intrude,
Grief ſhall never there appear:
Waſh'd in our Redeemer's Blood,
We ſhall ſtand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,
Forward boldly let us preſs,
Humbly let our Souls preſume,
Truſt in Jeſu's Righteouſneſs.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,
In the Houſe above ſhall meet.

Maſter, haſten on thy Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come!
Call thy trav'lling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home!

HYMN XXXI.

At Parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And ſtill in Jeſu's Footſteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his Fulneſs to receive,
And Grace to anſwer Grace.

But let us haſten to the Day
Which ſhall our Fleſh reſtore,
When Death ſhall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

HYMN XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

WORTHY is Chriſt, our Paſchal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our Shame,

On God's eternal Throne to reign;
For he for us, for us, was ſlain.

From ev'ry People, Land and Tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng;
Let all thy Hoſt thy Grace confeſs,
And call thee Lord our Righteouſneſs.

We praiſe thee, thou whoſe Spirit reſts
On us thy Kings, on us thy Prieſts;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ranſom'd by his Blood.

Let every Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth, and all on Sea,
Thy Wiſdom bleſs, and fill thy Throne,
With Worſhip due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine!
And Strength and Majeſty divine!
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlaſting Lord!

HYMN XXXIII.

The ſame.

BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs,
Jeſus Chriſt, our Joy and Peace;
Let our Praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at God's right Hand in Heav'n!

Maſter, ſee to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head,

Thee the Angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe, our Prieſt, our King;
Worthy is thy Name of Praiſe,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou haſt the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church! and we
Worſhip in their Company.

We, thy little Flock adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore!
Ever with us, ſhew thy Love,
'Till we join with thoſe above!

HYMN XXXIV.

Longing for the latter Day.

HOW many Years have we been driv'n
Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n?
Lord it is Time that thou reſtore
Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thouſand Years are nearly paſt
Since Adam from thy Sight was caſt:
So long ago his fallen Race
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ners in Houſes made of Clay,
And out of Sight of Heav'nly Day,
They cannot chuſe but daily mourn,
Till they from Baniſhment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim,
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When ſhall the captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

Haſten, O God, in ev'ry Land,
Send thou thine Angels, and command;
Go ſound Deliv'rance; loudly blow
Salvation to the Saints below!

We want to have the Day appear!
The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year,
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs Peace ſhall dwell!

'Till then, we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſtrong Requeſt;
And this our daily Pray'r ſhall be,
Lord, ſound the Trumph of Jubilee!

HYMN XXXV.

All Nations ſhall ſerve him.

SAVIOUR, King, aſſume thy Pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror;
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Iſles, do bleſs thy Name,
Let the Weſt thy Worth proclaim;
Waſh the Ethiopian clean;
In the Eaſt new Signs be ſeen.

Great the Band of thoſe be found,
Who proclaim the joyful Sound;
Let it to thy Iſrael come,
Let it bring the Wand'rers Home.

To the Brightneſs of thy Face,
Fly in Troops the ſuppliant Race;

Princes ſhall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bleſs thy Reign.

When like Lightning thro' the Skies.
Will thy latter Glory riſe?
When ſhall we behold thy Pow'r,
When ſalute the accompliſh'd Hour?

Quickly Lord thy Triumphs bring,
Tongues and Kindred wait to ſing;]
Then ſhall all the choſen Race
Shout aloud redeeming Grace. Hallelujah.

HYMN XXXVI.

The Divine Sovereignty.

OUR God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice,
Lift, ye Iſles a thankful Voice;
Every Throne by one controul'd,
Well ſecures the paſſive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves ſubſide;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The Whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably wiſe,
Beauteous too his Counſel lies!
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Juſtice ſhown.

Thoughts are vain againſt the Lord,
All ſubſerves his ſtanding Word;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold,
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trust his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour:
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear. Hallelujah.

HYMN XXXVII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Emmanuel, come,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,
Re-convert the ransom'd Race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd to thee!
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting Life below!

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Come, divine Immanuel, come!

HYMN XXXVIII.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey Sweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praiſe,
Glorious in his Works and Ways!

We are trav'ling Home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happineſs ſhall ſee.

O, ye baniſhed Seed be glad!
Chriſt our Advocate is made:
Us to ſave, our Fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock and bleſt,
You on Jeſu's Throne ſhall reſt;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful ſtand
On the Borders of your Land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Glady leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

HYMN XXXIX.

Breathing after Holineſs.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heav'n to earth come down,
Fix in us thy Humble Dwelling,
All thy Faithful Mercies crown,
Jeſus, thou art all Compaſſion,
Pure unbounded Love thou art,
Viſit us with thy Salvation,
Enter every trembling Heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled Breaſt,
Let us all in thee Inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Reſt.
Take away the Power of Sinning
Alpha and Omega be
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave.
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thy Hoſts above,
Pray and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finiſh then thy New Creation,
Pure unſpotted may be,
Let us ſee thy great Salvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee;

Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
'Till we caſt our Crowns before thee,
Loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

HYMN XL.

The Chriſtian Soldier.

SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your Armour on,
Strong in the Strength which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hoſts,
And in his mighty Power,
Who in the Strength of Jeſus truſts
Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might,
With all his Strength endu'd,
And take, to arm you for the Fight,
The Panoply of God;
That having all Things done,
And all your Conflicts paſt,
You may o'ercome thro' Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

Jeſus hath dy'd for you!
What can his Love withſtand?
Believe, hold faſt your Shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his Hand?
Believe that Jeſus reigns,
All Power to him is giv'n;
Believe, 'till freed from Nature's Chains,
You're call'd from hence to Heav'n.

Your Rock can never ſhake :
Hither, he ſaith, come up !
The Helmet of Salvation take,
The Confidence of Hope :
Hope for his perfect Love,
Hope for his promis'd Reſt,
Hope to ſit down with Chriſt above,
And ſhare the Marriage Feaſt.

In Fellowſhip ; alone,
To God with Faith draw near,
Approach his Courts, beſiege his Throne,
With all the Pow'r of Prayer :
Go to his Temple, go,
Nor from his Altar move ;
Let every Houſe his Worſhip know,
And every Heart his Love.

From Strength to Strength go on,
Wreſtle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs down,
And win the well-fought Day ;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his ſoldiers, " Come,"
Till Chriſt the Lord deſcends from high,
And takes the Conqu'rors Home.

HYMN XLI.

Panting after God.

THOU hidden Love of God whoſe Height
Whoſe Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I ſigh for thy Repoſe.
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Reſt, till it find Reſt in thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That ſtrives with thee my Heart to ſhare?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every Motion there:
Then ſhall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repoſe in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Luſt ſurvive.
In all Things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek, but thee.

O Love, thy ſovereign Aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted Care:
Chaſe this Self-will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there;
Make me thy duteous Child that I
Ceaſeleſs may, Abba, Father cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call;
Speak to my inmoſt Soul, and ſay,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taſte thy Love be all my Choice.

HYMN XLII.

Adoring JESUS.

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praiſe our dear Saviour, our Maſter divine.

Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with Gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

He worthy is bleſs'd,
By Spirits at reſt,
Who once in this Deſart, his Godhead confeſs'd.

The heav'nly Spheres,
Who ſaw him in Tears,
Yea every ſtrong Angel his Perſon reveres.

The Prophets who told
His Suff'rings of old,
Sing now ſweet Thankſgivings, on Pſalt'ries of (Gold.

The Fathers to whom
He ſhew'd he would come,
Now in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men,
Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel, the Righteous, ſhare now in his (Reign.

The Apoſtles who ſtood,
Reſiſting to Blood,
For Jeſus's Goſpel, rejoice in their God.

The Confeſſors too,
Them proſtrating low,
Caſt down their bright Mitres, and thankfully (bow.

Oh Church of the Lamb,
Here met do the ſame,
With Saints and with Angels, bleſs Jeſus's Name.

My Soul bear a Part,
For ranſom'd thou art,
By Jeſu's Blood-Shedding, his Burial and Smart.

To him that was ſlain,
The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be Glory and Honour, let all ſay Amen!

HYMN XLIII.

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the World, attend,
Hearken to thy People's Moan:
Art thou not the Sinner's Friend?
Art thou not their Friend alone?
Then thine Ear incline;
While they for Redemption cry,
Think upon that Word of thine,
"Your Redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'ſt thou not the many Pray'rs,
Offer'd by thy Church, with thee?
See'ſt thou not the thouſand Tears,
Pour'd before thy Majeſty?
Mark'ſt thou not the Groans?
Mind'ſt thou not the Earnings great,
Of thy ranſom'd little ones,
Proſtrate round thy Mercy-Seat?

Is it nothing, Lord, to thee,
That ſo many Years they've cry'd?
Muſt their Suit unanſwer'd be,
Shall their Pray'r be ſtill deny'd?

For thy Mercies' Sake,
Turn thou the Captivity,
Bring the baniſh'd Brethren back,
Lord, unite them all in thee.

Be the captive Exile loos'd,
Lord the Jubilee proclaim!
All who Liberty refus'd,
Let them call upon thy Name;
Whoſo calls on thee,
Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,
Shall thy Spoil, dear Jeſus, be,
Monuments that thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's ſo boundleſs Pow'r,
Wide as the Creation reach;
Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,
Thy eternal Mercy preach;
Let the ranſom'd Seed
Hear, and to thy Temple flow,
All for whom thou deign'ſt to bleed,
Let them thy Salvation know.

Liſt thy Enſign very high,
Let thy bloody Croſs be ſeen,
Let thy ſcarlet Banners fly
Glorious in the Sight of Men;
Sound the Angel loud,
"Now begins the Jubilee!
"Now Salvation comes from God
"All together it ſhall ſee!"

HYMN XLIV.

Chriſt our Great High-Prieſt.

A Good High-Prieſt is come,
Supplying Aaron's Place,
And taking up his Room,
Diſpenſing Life and Grace :
The Law by Aaron's Prieſthood came,
But Grace and Truth by Jeſu's Name.

My Lord a Prieſt is made,
As ſware the mighty God,
To Iſrael and his Seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood.
For Sinners who his Mercy ſeek,
A Prieſt, as was Melchiſedec.

He once Temptations knew,
Of every Sort and Kind,
That he might Succour ſhew
To ev'ry tempted Mind :
In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the Altar ſtands ;
There ſhews how he was ſlain,
And op'ning his pierc'd Hands,
He 'bides a Prieſt, and pleads our Cauſe,
Tranſgreſſors of his righteous Laws.

I other Prieſts diſclaim,
And Laws and Offerings too :
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do :
He ſhall have all the Praiſe, for he
Alone, me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'TIS finiſh'd; 'tis done!
The Spirit is fled,
The Pris'ner is gone,
The Chriſtian is dead!
The Chriſtian is living
In Jeſus his Love,
And gladly receiving
A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praiſe
Are Jeſus's Due:
Supported by Grace,
He fought his Way thro';
Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' Jeſus's Zeal,
And more than victorious,
O'er Sin, Death and Hell.

Then let us record
The conqu'ring Name,
Our Captain and Lord
With ſhoutings proclaim:
Who truſt in his Paſſion,
And follow our Head,
To certain Salvation
We all ſhall be led.

O Jeſus! lead on
Thy Militant Care,
And give us the Crown
Of Righteouſneſs there;

Where dazzled with Glory
The Seraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee
In Silence of Praiſe.

Come, Lord, and diſplay
Thy Sign in the Sky,
And bear us away
To Manſions on high;
The Kingdom be giv'n,
The Purchaſe divine,
And crown us in Heav'n
Eternally thine.

HYMN XLVI.

The ſame.

HOSANNA to Jeſus on high!
Another has enter'd his Reſt,
Another's 'ſcap'd to the Sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breaſt:
The Soul of our Siſter is gone
To heighten the Triumph above,
Exalted to Jeſus's Throne,
And claſp'd in the Arms of his Love.

How happy the Angels that fall
Tranſported at Jeſus's Name!
The Saints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call
To ſhare in the Feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in Clay,
Who next from his Dungeon ſhall fly?
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away?
My merciful God——Is it I?

O Jeſus! if this be thy Will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
And whiſper the Call to my Heart:
O give me a Signal to know
If ſoon thou wouldſt have me to move,
And leave the dull Body below,
And fly to the Regions above.

HYMN XLVII.

The ſame.

THANKS be to God, whoſe faithful Love
Hath call'd another to his Breaſt:
Tranſlated him to Joys above,
To Manſions of eternal Reſt.

By miniſterial Sp'rits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,
He reſts; in Abraham's Boſom laid,
He lives with God, no more to die.

O that we all may thus break thro',
The Crown with holy Violence ſeize,
The ſtarry Crown to Conqueſts due,
The Crown of Life and Righteouſneſs!

Will not the righteous Judge beſtow
The Prize on all who ſeek him here;
And long, while ſojourning below,
To ſee their much-lov'd Lord appear?

He will (our Hearts cry out) he will
Theſe eager Wiſhes more than meet,
Theſe infinite Deſires fulfil,
And make our Happineſs compleat.

O what a ſoul-o'erpow'ring Thought!
'Tis Extaſy too great to bear!
We all at once ſhall be up-caught,
And meet our Jeſus in the Air!

HYMN XLVIII.

The ſame.

AH! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is ſo fair,
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare.
With ſolemn Delight I ſurvey
The Corps when the Spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in his Stead.

How bleſt is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his Mind!
How eaſy the Soul, that hath left
This weariſome Body behind!
Of Evil incapable thou,
Whoſe Relicks with Envy I ſee;
No longer in Miſery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
With Sickneſs, or ſhaken with Pain;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again.

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay ;
Extinct is the animal Flame,
And Paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

This languiſhing Head is at Reſt,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable Breaſt
Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain ;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

The Lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By Sorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal Repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep :
The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
Theſe Hollows from Water are free ;
The Tears are all wip'd from theſe Eyes,
And Evil they never ſhall ſee.

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a Priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for Deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of Death :
What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this Moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Fleſh be conſign'd to the Tomb !

HYMN XLIX.

The ſame.

JESUS, come! our deareſt Jeſus,
Save us from the World beneath,
From a Life of Pain releaſe us,
From a Life of daily Death:
Liſten to the ceaſeleſs Moaning
Of thy plaintive Turtle Dove;
Anſwer, Lord, thy Spirit's Groaning,
Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us,
In the Garner of the Grave:
Jeſus, come! to Life reſtore us,
Us from all our Trouble ſave;
Us, in infinite Compaſſion,
To our happier Friends unite,
Raiſe us to our higheſt Station,
Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

Still we bear about thy Dying,
In our feeble Bodies here,
Languiſhing for thee, and crying
Light of Life in us appear:
Take us to thy kind Embraces,
To thy heav'nly Banquet lead;
Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,
Set the Crown upon our Head.

HYMN L.

CHRIST'S Nativity,

ALL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,
Be publiſh'd abroad at Jeſus's Birth ;
The forfeited Favour of Heaven we find
Reſtor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Mankind.

Then let us behold Meſſiah the Lord,
By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd ;
Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,
And publiſh Salvation in Jeſus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have ſeen,
And joyfully ſing his Goodneſs to Men,
That all Men may wonder at what we impart,
And thankfully ponder his Love in their Heart.

What mov'd the Moſt High ſo greatly to ſtoop?
He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up ;
That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return
To God and to Heaven ; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love let Sinners confeſs,
Who comes from above to bring us his Peace :
Let every Believer his Mercy adore,
And praiſe him for ever, when Time is no more.

HYMN LI.

The ſame.

AWAY with our Fears!
The Godhead appears
In Chriſt reconcil'd,
The Father of Mercies in Jeſus the Child.

He comes from above
In manifeſt Love,
The Deſire of our Eyes,
The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger he lies.

At Immanuel's Birth,
What a Triumph on Earth!
Yet cou'd it afford
No better a Place for its Heavenly Lord!

The Ancient of Days,
To redeem a loſt Race,
From his Glory comes down,
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

Made Fleſh for our Sake,
That we might partake
The Nature Divine,
And again in his Image, his Holineſs ſhine.

An Heavenly Birth
Experience on Earth,
And riſe to his Throne,
And live with our Jeſus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The Tidings they bring,
Who publiſh to Sinners their Saviour and King

And while we are here,
Our King ſhall appear ;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full Image of Love in our Heart.

HYMN LII.

The ſame.

COME, thou long expected Jeſus,
Born to ſet thy people free ;
From our Fears and Sins relieve us,
Let us find our Reſt in thee :
Iſrael's Strength and Conſolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art ;
Dear Deſire of every Nation,
Joy of every longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King :
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone ;
By thine all-ſufficient Merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious Throne.

HYMN LIII.

The ſame.

LET Angels and Archangels ſing
The wonderful Immanuel's Name ;
Adore with us our new born King,
And ſtill the joyful News proclaim,
All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd
To praiſe the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlaſting God comes down,
To ſojourn with the Sons of Men ;
Without his Majeſty or Crown,
The great Inviſible is ſeen :
Of all his dazzling Glories ſhorn,
The everlaſting God is born !

Angels behold that Infant Face,
With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own ;
'Tis all your Heaven on him to gaze,
And caſt your Crowns before his Throne.
Tho' now he on his Footſtool lies,
Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Exiſtence brought,
Ye ſang that all-creating Word :
Ye heard him call our World from nought,
Again, in Honour of our Lord,
Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,
And ſhout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

HYMN LIV.

CHRIST'S Incarnation.

ALL-wiſe, all-good, almighty Lord,
Jeſus, by higheſt Heaven ador'd,
Ere Time its Courſe began;
How did thy glorious Mercy ſtoop
To take the fallen Nature up,
When thou thyſelf wert Man!

Th' eternal God from Heaven came down;
The King of Glory dropt his Crown,
And veil'd his Majeſty:
Empty'd of all but Love he came;
Jeſus, I call thee by the Name
Thy Pity bore for me.

O holy Child, ſtill let thy Birth
Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,
And Praiſe to God on high!
Come, thou who didſt my Fleſh aſſume,
Now to the abject Sinner come,
And in a Manger lie.

Didſt thou not in thy Perſon join
The Natures Human and Divine,
That God and Men might be
Henceforth inſeparably one?
Haſte then, and make thy Nature known,
Incarnated in me.

In my weak ſinful Fleſh appear,
O God be manifeſted here,
Peace Righteouſneſs and Joy ;
Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſet up within
My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,
The Devil's Works deſtroy.

HYMN LV.

Judgment.

LO he cometh ! countleſs Trumpets
Blow before the bloody Sign,
'Midſt ten thouſand Saints and Angels,
See the Crucified ſhine.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep reſounds ;
Now reſplendent ſhine his Nail Prints,
Ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee his Wounds !
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
(they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his Appearing wail.

Ev'ry Iſland, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth ſhall flee away ;
All, who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
Come to Judgment, come to Judgment, come
(to Judgment,
Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his Glory,
Shining in his bruiſed Face,
His dear Perſon on the Rainbow,
Now his People's Head ſhall raiſe.
Happy Mourners, happy Mourners, happy
(Mourners,
Lo! in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn Pomp appear;
All his People once deſpiſed,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry Evil to deſtroy;
All the Nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting Joy,
O come quickly! O come quickly! O come
Hallelujah! come, Lord come. (quickly!

HYMN LVI.

Admiring CHRIST's Love.

YE Children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar Race,
Who're waſh'd in Jeſu's Blood,
And ſav'd thro' Faith by Grace:
Attend and join to tell his Fame,
Whom John the Baptiſt call'd the Lamb.

From all Eternity
He lov'd the Sinner's Train,
His Love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be ſlain
For us, and in our Stead he ſtood,
With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he ſat on us
When we were Enemies ;
And on th' accurſed Croſs,
Amidſt his Tears and Cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him ſo,
Father, they know not what they do !

He thought upon us when
The Blood run from his Heart,
In all his Griefs and Pain,
In all his chiefeſt Smart :
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,
And bear it that he might us ſave.

Still he remains the ſame,
His Foes he loves, and cries,
Believe ye in my Name,
Lift up (ye loſt) your Eyes ;
Behold me, and you yet ſhall live ;
I freely will Salvation give.

HYMN LVII.

O Come let us join,
In Muſic divine,
The Saviour to laud,
'Tis meet, and fit,
It is charming, and perfectly ſweet,
The Saviour to praiſe, our Lord and our God;
'Tis a Pleaſure to ſing
Of a crucify'd King,
With Courage and Flame.
The Angels that love us,
And Seraphs above us,
Do always the ſame.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heaven throughout,
In ſounding his Name.

Come all that are here,
Your Thankſgiving rear,
To Jeſus your Chief;
'Tis good we ſhou'd,
It is lovely and better than Food,
It raiſes our Joy, and baniſhes Grief;
Then in him we'll rejoice,
Up to him lift our Voice,
And Spirit within,
Who lov'd us ſo greatly,
To waſh us compleatly
From Guilt and from Sin.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heaven throughout,
A Jeſus divine!

He's worthy they cry,
The Lamb that did die :
So warbles their Tongue.
Let us do thus,
It is comely his Praiſe to diſcuſs,
A Theme ever proper by us to be ſung :
'Tis our Duty and gain,
And it ſha'n't be in vain,
His Praiſe to repeat,
Who Pardon diſpenſes,
For all our Offences,
Tho' ever ſo great.
Hark ! hark ! how they ſhout,
All Heaven throughout,
A Saviour Compleat !

All Glory to him,
Who Souls does redeem,
From Converſe unfit ;
Agree do we,
It will ever becoming us be.
Hoſanna to Jeſus with Joy to tranſmit.
To God's dear belov'd Son,
Be all Praiſe and Renown,
Dominion and Might,
Who Sinners embraces,
And fills them with Graces,
To do what is right.
Hark ! hark ! how they ſhout,
All Heaven throughout,
The Morning-Star bright.

Come ſing him once more
(We may not give o'er)

For Sinners who pleads,
Beguil'd, defil'd,
And to bring them to God reconcil'd.
He ſtill intercedes, and always ſucceeds,
This dear Saviour of Men,
Let us ſing once again,
Who purges his own,
And makes them all glorious,
And more than victorious,
Then gives them a Crown.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heaven throughout,
The Lamb on the Throne.

To Father, and Son,
And Dove, Three in One,
Be Glory and Praiſe,
By us, and thoſe,
Who in glorious celeſtial Repoſe,
Do ceaſeleſs their Songs of Thankſgiving raiſe.
May the Three One be ſung
By each Cherubim-tongue;
Let no Tongue be mute,
Join Beings celeſtial,
And Beings terreſtrial,
The Great and Minute,
Join all in one Choir,
The Dove, Son, and Sire,
With Praiſe to ſalute.

HYMN LVIII.

Praiſe to CHRIST.

OFFSPRING of David, David's Root;
Thou Jeſſe's Stem, and Jeſſe's Fruit;

To thee propitious, thee our King,
The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,
Hymns ſhall our grateful Lips employ;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
We'd gladly wait, and love and ſing.

Haſten the Time when we ſhall ſhine
With Angels and Archangels join;
With righteous Spirits gone before,
For ever thy ſweet Name t' adore.

With them our raviſh'd Souls wou'd reſt,
And ſhare with them thy Marriage-Feaſt;
Among their Number, in their Lays,
We'd pant to join, and thirſt to praiſe.

And while our Souls are this deny'd,
Leſt we ſhould fall, or turn aſide,
Jeſus, our kind Protection prove,
And love us with eternal Love.

HYMN LIX.

MORNING.

RISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker:
Angels Praiſe
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light
Lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never caſt me from thy Preſence,
'Till my Soul
Shall be full
Of thy bleſſed Eſſence.

O my Jeſus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
'Till I ſee
Thee in Salemn's City.

Holy Ghoſt, by Jeſus given,
Be my Guide,
Leſt my Pride
Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night was't my Protector!
With me ſtay
All the Day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

HYMN LX.

EVENING.

ERE I ſleep for ev'ry Favour,
This Day ſhew'd
By my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

O my Lord, what ſhall I render
To thy Name,
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let thy Peace
Be my Bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

Viſit me with thy Salvation;
Let thy Care
Now be near,
Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I ſleep,
Me with all thy Power.

So, whene'er in death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe
With the Wiſe,
Counted in their Number.

HYMN LXI.

Behold the Man!

YE ſerious Souls, draw near,
My Song of Jeſus hear;
Roll'd in Blood his Garments ſhine,
See him glorioufly divine;
On his Hands your Names appear,
Come with me, his Kingdom ſhare.

Rivers of Pleaſures flow
From him for you to know;
You, who for your Saviour mourn;
You, by Blood and Water born;
You, who glad the Word receive;
You, who taught of God believe.

Th' exalted Saviour ſee,
He liv'd and dy'd for thee;
For you he came down from God,
Empty'd all his Veins of Blood;
This, the Lamb for Sinners ſlain,
Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man!*

Come near ye weary, come,
His Arms ſhall make you Room;
He, the Fruit of Jeſſe's Stem,
Opens you the living Stream;
Jeſus, born of David's Line,
You unto himſelf ſhall join.

Your Folly he ſhall hide,
And bury in his Side;
O come near, his Mercies taſte,
Let your Sins on him be caſt;

Bold approach, for he ſhall bear
All your Burden, all your Care.

All ye whom Troubles tire,
Who'd reſt from Sin's Deſire,
Jeſus bids you to the Feaſt,
There is your eternal Reſt.
Come with me, and ye ſhall prove
His an everlaſting Love.

HYMN LXII.

Glorying in the Croſs.

WHEN Saints ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
Their richeſt Gain they count but Loſs,
And pour Contempt on all their Pride.

Forbid it then that we ſhould boaſt,
Save in the Death of Chriſt, O God:
All the vain Things that charm us moſt,
We'd ſacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands and Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compoſe ſo rich a Crown.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

HYMN LXIII.

After Sermon.

O Jeſu our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Bleſſings convey'd thro' thy Word.

In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praiſe.

The Ancient of Days
His Glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing Rays.

The Trumpet of God,
Is ſounding abroad,
The Language of Mercy, Salvation thro' Blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the Bleſſings of this Goſpel-Day.

The People who know,
The Saviour below,
With burning Affection to worſhip him glow.

This Bleſſing be mine,
Thro' Favour Divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

HYMN LXIV.

JESU, ſhew us thy Salvation,
(In thy Strength we ſtrive with thee)
By thy myſtic Incarnation,
By thy pure Nativity:
Save us thou, our new Creator,
Into all our Souls impart
Thy divine and holy Nature,
Form thyſelf within our Heart.

By thy Firſt Blood-ſhedding heal us;
Cut us off from ev'ry Sin:
By thy Circumciſion ſeal us,
Write thy Law of Love within.
By thy Spirit circumciſe us,
Kindle in our Hearts a Flame:
By thy Baptiſm baptiſe us
Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy faſting and Temptation,
Mortify our vain Deſires,
Take away what Senſe or Paſſion,
Appetite or Fleſh requires:
Arm us with thy Self-denial,
Every tempted Soul defend;
Save us in the fiery Trial:
Make us faithful to the End.

By thy great and bitter Paſſion,
By thy Sufferings on the Tree,
Save us from the Indignation
Due to all Mankind and me:
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gaſping out thy lateſt Breath,
By thy precious Death's applying,
Save us from eternal Death.

By the pomp of thine aſcending,
Live we here to Heav'n reſtor'd ;
Live in Pleaſures never ending,
Share the Portion of our Lord :
Let us have our Converſation
With the bleſſed Sp'rits above ;
Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,
Perfectly renew'd in Love.

HYMN LXV.

For his Majeſty King GEORGE, and Royal Family.

LORD, thou haſt bid thy People pray
For all that bear the Sov'reign Sway,
And thy Vicegerents reign ;
Rulers, and Governors, and Powers :
And lo ! in Faith we pray for ours ;
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jeſus, thy choſen Servant guard,
And every threat'ning Danger ward
From his anointed Head ;
Bid all his Griefs and Troubles ceaſe,
And thro' the Paths of heav'nly Peace,
To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,
Defeat their dire malicious Aim,
Their baffled Hopes deſtroy ;
But ſhower on him thy Bleſſings down ;
Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,
And everlaſting Joy.

To hoary Hairs be thou his God,
Late may he ſeek that high abode,
  Late to his Heav'n remove ;
Of Virtues full, and happy Days,
Accounted worthy by thy Grace,
  To fill a Throne above.

And when thou doſt his Sp'rit receive,
O give us in his Offspring, give
  Us back our King again ;
Preſerve them, Providence divine,
And let the long-illuſtrious Line
  To lateſt Ages reign.

Secure us of his royal Race,
A Man to ſtand before thy Face,
  And exerciſe thy Pow'r ;
With Wealth, Proſperity and Peace,
Our Nation and our Church to bleſs,
  Till Time ſhall be no more.

HYMN LXVI.

CHRIST's ſecond Coming.

HE comes, he comes, the Judge ſevere,
  The ſeventh Trumpet ſpeaks him near ;
  The Light'nings flaſh, the Thunders roll,
  He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
    welcome to the faithful Soul.

  From Heav'n Angelic Voices ſound,
  See the Almighty Jeſus crown'd,
  Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
  And Glory decks the Saviour's Face,
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks
    the Saviour's Face.

Deſcending on his azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the Moſt High;
Our God, who now his Right obtains
For ever and for ever reigns,
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

The Father bleſs, the Son adore,
The Spirit praiſe for evermore:
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome, thee great Three in One.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome thee great Three in One.

HYMN LXVII.

The BACKSLIDER.

JESU, let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep;
Falſe to thee, like PETER, I
Would fain like PETER weep.
Let me be by Grace reſtor'd,
On me all Long-ſuffering ſhewn;
Turn, and look upon me LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone.
And break my Heart of Stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me thro' thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart;

Give me, what I've long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Grief unknown :
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die.
Life, and Happineſs, and Love
Drop from thy gracious Eye ;
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down ;
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
The Harlot in Diſtreſs,
Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon ſeal'd,
And bade her go in Peace :
Foul, like her, and ſelf-abhor'd,
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan :
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look, as when condem'd for them,
Thou didſt thy Followers ſee,
Daughters of Jeruſalem,
" Weep for Yourſelves, not Me."

Am I by my GOD deplored,
And ſhall I not myſelf bemoan?
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
Turn, and look upon me LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone,
And break my Heart of Stone.

Look as when thy pitious Eye
Was clos'd that we might live,
" Father (at the Point to die)
My Saviour gaſp'd, " Forgive."
Surely with that dying Word
He turns, and looks, and cry'd, " 'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving LORD,
O my bleeding, loving LORD,
This breaks my Heart of Stone,
This breaks my Heart of Stone.

HYMN LXVIII.

An Hymn to the TRINITY.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
FATHER All-glorious,
O'er all victorious!
Come, and reign over us,
ANTIENT OF DAYS.

JESUS our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty Aid
Our ſure Defence be made—
Our Souls on thee be ſtay'd;
Lord hear our Call!

Come, thou Incarnate WORD,
Gird on thy mighty Sword ——
  Our Pray'r attend !
Come ! and thy People bleſs,
And give thy Word Succeſs,
SPIRIT of Holineſs,
  On us deſcend !

Come, Holy COMFORTER,
Thy ſacred Witneſs bear,
  In this glad Hour !
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
  SPIRIT OF POWER !

To the Great ONE in THREE
Eternal Praiſes be
  Hence——Evermore !
His Sov'reign Majeſty
May we in Glory ſee,
And to Eternity
  Love and Adore !

HYMN LXIX.

Leaning on the Beloved.

JESU, lover of the Soul,
Let us to thy Bosom fly;
While the swelling Waters roll,
While the Tempest still is high;
Hide us, Oh! our Saviour hide,
Till the Storm of Life is past,
Safe into the Haven guide,
Oh, receive our Souls at last.

Other Refuge have we none,
Lean my helpless Soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All our Trust on thee be stay'd,
All our Help from thee we bring;
Cover each defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all we want,
More than all in thee we find;
Raise the fallen, chear the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy Name,
We are all Unrighteousness,
Vile and full of Sin and Shame,
But Thou'rt full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our Sin,
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make and keep us pure within.

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let us take of thee;
Spring thou up within each Heart,
Now and to Eternity.

Chas. Wesley

HYMN LXX.

Desiring to praise worthily.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!
Tune our Hearts to sing thy Grace!
Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise!
Teach us some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above;
Praise the Mount—Oh fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging Love!

Here we raise our Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thine Help we'd come;
Trusting Lord, by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
Jesus sought us, all when Strangers,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
He, to rescue us from Dangers,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

O! to Grace, what mighty Debtors,
Daily, hourly, Lord, are we,
Let that Grace, like strongest Fetters,
Bind our wand'ring Hearts to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
Prone to leave the God of Love—
Here's our Hearts—O take and seal them!
Seal them from thy Courts above!

HYMN LXXI.

Adoring free and ſovereign Mercy.

O Lord, how great's the Favour !
That we ſuch Sinners poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's ſweet Savour,
Approach thy Mercy's Door ;
And find an open Paſſage
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Meſſage
That bids us go in Peace.

Lord, we are helpleſs Creatures,
Full of the deepeſt Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid and inly dead ;
Our Strength is perfect Weakneſs,
And all we have is Sin ;
Our Hearts are all Uncleanneſs,
A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford us Aid !
Where ſhall we find Compaſſion,
But in the Church's Head !
Jeſus thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms,
And exerciſe thy Mercy
To ſave us from all Harms.

We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs Complaints,
But ever be entreating
The Glorious King of Saints.

'Till we attain the Image
Of pure and Goſpel Love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

Then we with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate;
Th' amazing pleaſing Story
Of Jeſu's Love ſo great:
In this bleſt Contemplation
May we for ever dwell;
And ſhare ſuch Conſolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN LXXII.

The ſame.

OUR moſt indulgent Saviour,
Teach us thy Love to find,
To triumph in thy Favour
And know thy Spirit's Mind.
This Grace to us be given,
This be our one Requeſt,
To want no other Heaven,
Than leaning on thy Breaſt.

The Place of John we'd covet,
More than a Seraph's Throne,
To reſt in our Beloved,
And breathe our final Groan.
On thee alone relying
To loſe our Sin and Pain;
And on thy Boſom dying,
Our Life eternal gain.

HYMN LXXIII.

Gratitude.

WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r!
Teach us to bow the humble Knee,
Teach us with Thankfulneſs t' adore,
To praiſe thee as thy Saints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wond'rous Love.

When like loſt Sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th' impetuous Tide
Of this World's Sin and Vanity:
Then Jeſus from the Heav'ns came down
To ſave us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
To ſeek and ſave the Loſt he came,
There was he bound to ſet us free,
From Death and everlaſting Shame;
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's awful Throne,
Our merciful High-Prieſt yet ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd Remnant now demands
His People's everlaſting Friend,
Who loving——loves them to the End!

May we his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him as our only Choice,
And cleave to him in Love alone;
Still growing up in Holineſs,
'Till call'd to meet in Realms of Peace.

Then ſhall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow ſhall be found,
No Night o'ercloud the endleſs Day.
O praiſe him! all beneath, above!
O praiſe him! praiſe the God of Love!

HYMN LXXIV.

Before Sermon.

NOW begin the Heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's Name,
Ye who Jeſu's Kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming Love.

Ye who ſee the Father's Grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
Baniſh all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte redeeming Love.

Welcome all by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred Reſt,
Nothing brought him from abov
Nothing but redeeming Love.

He ſubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming Love.

Hither then your Muſic bring,
Strike aloud each chearful String,
Mortals join the Hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming Love.

HYMN LXXV.

Panting after JESUS.

THOU Shepherd of Iſr'el divine,
The Joy of the Upright in Heart,
For cloſer Communion they pine,
Still, ſtill to reſide where thou art;
The Paſture, Oh! when ſhall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed on thy Boſom reclin'd,
Are ſkreen'd from the Heat of the Day.

Ah, ſhew us that happieſt Place,
That Place of thy People's Abode,
Where Saints in an Extaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy Love for loſt Sinners declare,
Thy Paſſion and Death on the Tree,
Our Spirits to Calvary bear
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
There only we'd covet to reſt,
To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy Breaſt;
'Tis there we wou'd always abide,
And never a Moment depart,
Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
Eternally held in thy Heart.

HYMN LXXVI.

For Good Friday.

WHO hath our Report believed?
- Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own,
Promis'd Branch from Root of Jeſſe,
David's Offspring ſent to bleſs ye,
Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation?
Some fair, ſpreading lofty Tree?
Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Loweſt—that is He.

Like a tender Plant that's growing,
Where no Waters, friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refreſh the Ground:
Drooping, dying, we ſhall view Him,
See no Charm to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

Lo! Meſſiah unreſpected!
Man of Griefs, deſpis'd, rejected!
  Wounds his Form disfiguring,
Marr'd his Viſage more than any,
For he bears the Sins of many,
  All our Sorrows carrying.

No Deceit his Mouth hath ſpoken,
Blameleſs He, no Law hath broken,
  Yet was number'd with the Worſt:
For, becauſe the Lord would bruiſe Him,
We, who ſaw it, did believe Him,
  For his own Offences curſt.

But while Him our Thoughts accuſed,
He for us alone was bruiſed,
  Stricken, ſmitten for our Guilt:
With His Stripes, Our Wounds are cured,
By His Pains, Our Peace aſſured,
  Purchas'd with the Blood he ſpilt.

Love amazing! ſo to mind us,
Shepherd come from Heaven to find us,
  Silly Sheep all gone aſtray,
Loſt, undone by our Tranſgreſſions,
Worſe than ſtript of all Poſſeſſions,
  Debtors without Hope to pay.

Fear our Portion, Slaves in Spirit——
He redeem'd Us by His Merit
  To a glorious Liberty:
Dearly firſt his Goodneſs bought us,
Truth and Love then ſweetly taught us,
  Truth and Love hath made us free.

Bleſſed be the Pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to ſave us,
  Bleſs'd the Son who freely came:
Honour, Bleſſing, Adoration,
Ever, from the whole Creation,
  Be to God and to the Lamb.

HYMN LXXVII.

Infinitely condeſcending Love.

LOVE brought down God's dear only Son
  Into a Virgin's Womb,
Love nail'd him to the accurſed Tree,
  And laid him a Tomb.

Thro' ev'ry Action, ſuff'ring too,
  The Law of Kindneſs reign'd,
Love op'd thoſe gaſtly Wounds thro' which
  His precious Life was drain'd.

Love took him to his Father's Throne,
  There to prepare Saints Room,
And Love will bring him down again,
  To fetch them to his Home.

HYMN LXXVIII.

SON of God! thy Bleſſing grant,
  Still ſupply our ev'ry Want,
Tree of Life thine Influence ſhed,
With thy Sap our Spirits feed!

Tend'reſt Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die:
Weak as helpleſs Infancy—
O confirm our Souls in thee!

Unſuſtain'd by thee we fall!
Send the Strength for which we call!
Weaker than a bruiſed Reed,
Help we ev'ry Moment need.

All our Hope on thee depend,
Love us! ſave us to the End!
Give us the continuing Grace——
Take the everlaſting Praiſe!

Diſmiſſion.

SALVATION! O the joyful Soudd!
'Tis Pleaſure to our Ears!
A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears!

Salvation! let the Echo fly
The ſpacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.

The ſame.

Christ the Believer's Refuge

IN ev'ry Trouble ſharp and ſtrong,
True Faith to Jeſus flies,
Its Anchor-hold is firm in him,
When ſwelling Billows riſe.

His Comforts bears our Spirits up,
We'd truſt a faithful God,
The ſure Foundation of our Hope,
Is in a Saviour's Blood.

Loud Hallelujahs ſing each Soul
To thy Redeemer's Name,
In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
His Love is ſtill the ſame.

The ſame.

IF Jeſus is yours,
You have a true Friend,
His Goodneſs endures
The ſame to the End.
Your Tempers may vary,
Your Comforts decline,
You cannot miſcarry,
Your Aid is Divine.

FINIS.